

Aide-de-Camp's Library



Rashtrapati Bhavan
New Delhi

Accn. No. 1823

Call No. 1*(5)-B

LAPLAND

Travel and Exploration

SÜDSEE

Travels in the South Seas

By HUGO ADOLF BERNATZIK

With 104 Illustrations and a Map

Morning Post : "Here is the kind of travel-book one wants, intelligently done, well informed, and excellently illustrated.

"*Sudsee* should be widely read. It should also be taken as a model."

GARI-GARI

The Call of the African Wilderness

By HUGO ADOLF BERNATZIK

With 116 Illustrations and a Map

NORMAN LEYS (*Time and Tide*) : "M. Bernatzik belongs to the small class of travellers who have equipped their minds beforehand. His text and photographs tell us far more, and far more truly, of the real Africa than a score of ordinary travel books."

THE EMPTY QUARTER

By H. ST. J. PHILBY, C.I.E.

Profusely Illustrated

"An epic journey—a classic book."—BERTRAM THOMAS.

ARABIA OF THE WAHHABIS

By H. ST. J. PHILBY, C.I.E.

Profusely Illustrated

Spectator : "Here are pages as striking and as evocative of the desert as anything Doughty wrote . . . a picture of absorbing interest. . . . We could hardly praise this book too highly."

Constable

LAPLAND

By

Hugo Adolf Bernatzik

*Translated
from the German*

by
VIVIAN OGILVIE

*With Ninety photographic Illustrations
and a Map*

CONSTABLE & CO LIMITED
London

PUBLISHED BY
Constable and Company Ltd.
LONDON

-
The Macmillan Company
of Canada, Limited
TORONTO

First published 1937

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY THE WHITEFRIARS PRESS LTD.
LONDON AND TONBRIDGE

CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	xi

PART I

AMONG THE JOKKMOKK LAPPS

CHAPTER		
I.	JOURNEY TO THE NOMAD LAPPS	3
II.	THE FIRST MORNING	10
III.	A REINDEER MUSTER	14
IV.	THE PACK ANIMALS KEEP US WAITING	23
V.	<i>En Route</i> WITH THE LAPPS	31
VI.	REINDEER-KEEPING	40
VII.	ON GUARD	46
VIII.	CAMP LIFE AMONG THE JOKKMOKK LAPPS	50
IX.	SUNDAY REST	58
X.	LAPP GIRLS AS GUIDES	75

PART II

AMONG THE KARESUANDO LAPPS

XI.	IN THE SUMMER CAMP OF THE KARESUANDO LAPPS	85
XII.	LITTLE LAPPS GROW UP	93
XIII.	NOMAD CHILDREN GO TO SCHOOL	103

PART III

CHAPTER

PAGE

XIV. LAPP TALES	115
---------------------------	-----

PART IV

XV. NOMADS SETTLE DOWN	131
----------------------------------	-----

CONCLUDING NOTE	135
---------------------------	-----

ILLUSTRATIONS

FIG

1. Camp of the Jokkmokk Lapps near the Kåtjasjaure. The reindeer make for patches of snow in the summer heat.
2. The reindeer are driven into the enclosure for the muster. A bunch of them break out at the side and make a dash for the mountains.
3. The dense mob of reindeer circle round and round in the enclosure into which they have been driven for the muster. A forest of antlers rises above the steaming bodies.
4. His lasso ready in his hand, the old man looks out for his mark in the ears of the reindeer.
5. The lasso flies through the air and the noose closes round the hind leg of one of the animals.
6. The man grips the fawn between his knees and cuts his mark in its ears.
7. The Jokkmokk girls also make themselves useful at the reindeer muster and like to show the young men what they can do.
8. A young Karesuando Lapp. The blue kolte is edged with coloured ribbons and a large bright red woollen tassel dances on the front of the cap.
9. One of the numerous waterfalls of the great Lule River.
10. The pack animals are saddled. A girl lays a skin on the animal's back as a saddle-cloth.
11. The tent is taken to pieces. Several girls undo the tent cloths from the poles and fold them, to use them as saddle-cloths for the backs of the pack animals.
12. Sunna and Ivar Tuolja tie our baggage to the saddles of the pack animals, while Frau Bernatzik holds their bridles.
13. Lapp household goods : a food case made of birch bark bent and sewn together ; on the left an old milk-can ; on the right wooden vessels and a dipper.
14. Two-piece saddle for pack animals. One piece has a hole at the upper end, the other a projection which is fitted into the hole of the first.
15. The buck, in mid-stream, has got into deep water and is struggling against the current with frightened eyes.
16. The *sida* is ready to start. In the background one of the peaks of the Akka range wrapped in cloud.
17. A *raide* on the march : Ivar and Sunna Tuolja lead their laden pack animals and a group of goats run alongside. In this way one *raide* follows another, and a long line of men and beasts winds across the bleak landscape.
18. Rapids and waterfalls make it difficult to cross the rivers.
19. A *raide* in the bed of a river. The leader tests the bed cautiously with his long staff to avoid deep places.
20. The reindeer see the other bank ahead of them and hurry forward, stirring up the water.
21. The Lapps dry the hay from their shoes and their naked feet at the fire.

FIG.

22. Erik Knoljokk carries Kristina Airo across the river. She is pulling dogs and goats after her.
23. A view in Lapland, such as everyone imagines who hankers after the north : ice, snow, silent lakes and distant mountains.
24. A Lapp camp in winter, drawn by Mikkel Utsi : smoking tents, the scanty birch bushes and the Lapp sledges tied up. A woman with a pot in her hand is going towards her hut and a Lapp on skis is approaching the grazing herd.
25. The camp at the Tschákasjaure. Our tent and the Lapp tent, surrounded by reindeer. In the distance, crowning the scene, rise the snowy summits of the mountains.
26. Tent of the Jokkmokk Lapps. The smoke-hole is partly covered by a piece of sack-ing. The door, made of tent cloth stretched on a wooden framework, is just being opened. Beside the tent lie the household belongings, protected from the rain with canvas.
27. The inside of a tent, looking towards the smoke-hole and showing the disposition of the tent-poles and the construction of the door.
28. Ellen looking out of the door to see if we are not coming soon.
29. The coffee-pot stands in the fire which Marja is trying, with full cheeks, to bring to a blaze.
30. No sooner have we reached our new camping ground than Mrs. Airo produces from skin bags, bundles and boxes the necessaries for the first meal.
31. Whatever is not needed in the tent is hung on the " pákkas " outside.
32. The Bernatziks' camp. In Lapp fashion Frau Bernatzik has put the sooty pot in the fire and hung up the wet clothes to dry.
33. Ellen has rolled out the dough of flour and water and is poking little holes in it with a knife so that the " bread " shall be thoroughly baked.
34. The round cakes are being turned. They are baked for two or three minutes in a hot fire, then left to dry in warm ashes. When fresh this " bread " tastes good, but later on it becomes soft and insipid and reminds one of our children's first attempts at cooking in the nursery.
35. The Nomad Lapps take herds of goats with them, because the reindeer hinds are too difficult to milk.
36. Ellen sits in front of the hut and twists reindeer sinews into strong thread.
37. Marja Knoljokk plaits a coloured woollen ribbon, which the Lapps use to tie their shoes.
38. The fair and ever merry Marja Knoljokk in her working kolte.
39. Sunna Tuolja leads the leader buck across the lake. The herd follows it. Her cap is covered with gnats.
40. Pack animals swimming across the lake.
41. The reindeer plunge into the water after their leader to cross the lake. On the left among the herd is one of the large breeding bucks.
42. Soon there is nothing to be seen but the dark line of reindeer backs out in the lake.
43. The Lapps with their dogs stand on the bank and watch the swimming herd.
44. The *sida's* baggage is transferred to boats and the pack animals are tied on astern.
45. We row across the lake by the light of the midnight sun. The pack animals, freed of their burdens, swim behind.
46. Foaming glacier rivers have cut deep gorges in the stony earth.
47. We cross broad snow-fields. The first glacier of the Akka lies before us.
48. A reindeer family in the mountains of Lapland. The reindeer " graze " snow.
49. The fugitives must leave the icy mountains and are driven back to the herd.

50. Kristina Airo and Marja Knoljokk guide us to the Vastenjaure. A short rest on the way.
51. Frau Bernatzik, Mikkel Utsi the Karesuando Lapp and Jaffi, the clever Lapp dog, resting. On the right in the fire the coffee-pot, without which no Lapp makes a journey.
52. On the icy heights. A short rest on the Akka glacier. It was the only rest without coffee, for not even the Lapps could succeed in making a fire up here.
53. A deep crevasse in the glacier, 6,000 feet above sea level. It is filled almost to the top with water, in which lumps of snow float.
54. The Utsi family before their turf hut at Vaisaluokta.
55. The country near Vaisaluokta. The green birches, willow bushes and heather in bloom seem to us like a pageant of summer blossom after the bleak mountains. Although Vaisaluokta only lies 1,300 feet above sea level there is no other vegetation.
56. On the way up to the Akka range. At the foot a few gnarled birches and stunted bushes grow.
57. In this way the Lapp women carry their babies. The cradle, of hollowed birch trunk, is upholstered with soft skins, and a wooden roof with a curtain protects the child from the dazzling light and the gnats.
58. Turf hut of the Karesuando Lapps at Vaisaluokta. On the top is the board with which the smoke-hole is closed in rainy weather.
59. The inside of the hut, showing the floor-covering of birch brushwood, the reindeer skins, the numerous coffee-pots which are found in every hut, the sooty cooking-pot and the wall of birch trunks which supports the turf tiles.
60. Maria Pilto ties the leather cover of the cradle with coloured ribbons. The baby is holding in its hands a wooden doll carved by its father and dressed in Karesuando costume.
61. Father Pilto with his little son, Nils Anders.
62. Maria Pilto and the eleven-months-old Inga Maria who, despite her tender years, wears the costume of the Karesuando women. The only difference is in the cut of the laced bonnet.
63. The sewing materials, which every Lapp woman carries beside her knife on her belt, are enclosed in a case made of reindeer bone. The girl's well-shaped hands should be noticed.
64. Weaving apparatus made of reindeer bone. With this simple equipment pretty coloured ribbons are made.
65. Old Utsi is every inch a Lapp. He knows the fate of his fellow-countrymen and distrusts all strangers.
66. Life has drawn countless wrinkles in Karin Partapuoli's face. Although she is very old, she curls the lace on her bonnet every day and never omits to fix one of her beautiful old silver clasps in her scarf.
67. Matilda Utsi makes the skins soft and supple with an iron scraper.
68. Olav Utsi cuts a decorative pattern in the bone handle of his knife. He is a master of this craft.
69. Per and Paulus Utsi enjoy rowing the heavy boat out on the lake.
70. The fishing-nets, which cut off wide bays in the lake, are examined every day and the char and trout caught in them are taken out.
71. Mikkel Utsi refreshes himself with a drink of clear lake water.
72. Dry hay is stuffed into the shoes before they are put on. The long trousers are then tied fast with coloured ribbons over the upper part of the shoes.

73. Stora Sjöfallet, the great waterfall of the Lulejujaure, in the light of the midnight sun. The Lapps call it Adna Muorkekártje.
74. Lapp boys hoisting the Swedish flag. Although the new School Law endeavours to strengthen the racial consciousness of the little nomads, the fact is impressed upon them that they are citizens of the Swedish State.
75. The Lapp School at Vaisaluokta. On the right the children's dwelling-hut, on the left the school-hut. The teacher's hut lies behind the latter, and is therefore not seen in this picture.
76. The school-hut is, from the outside, in no way different from the dwelling-huts of the Karesuando Lapps. The goats use the steep turf walls for their daily climbing practice.
77. School is out. The Lapp teacher, Stina Isakson, dismisses her charges.
78. In fine weather lessons are held outside. The three youngest are now having their turn and, kneeling before the teacher, are spelling Swedish words.
79. Five little nomads facing a problem in arithmetic. One is trying to solve it, one has finished it and the two in the middle are playing the fool.
80. The little girls are serious about their work and do not need to be reprimanded so often as the boys. They support their exercise-books on a cork mat.
81. Sixteen-year-old Anna Lisa, who looks after the boarders like a mother.
82. Marja Pilto is a shy little girl ; she hides whenever we come into the hut.
83. It is great fun to row on the smooth lake with Anna Lisa when school is over . . .
84. . . . and to pull the boat ashore.
85. Three charming Lapp boys carefully trying their grip.
86. Cat and mouse is a favourite game among the Lapp children. The red woollen tassels dance gaily in the air.
87. Lapp children playing reindeer. Just as at a proper muster, the lasso flies through the air and the reindeer tries to escape.
88. The future reindeer-keeper has his eye on a " reindeer." (Compare Fig. 4.)
89. He has now got him in the noose and is triumphant. No stamping and shouting can help the " reindeer".
90. The " reindeer " is pressed to the ground and must submit to being " marked." The future expert must practice young !

MAP AT END OF BOOK

INTRODUCTION

THE Lapps, whose own name for themselves is *Same*, do not use the term "Lapland," but simply speak of various Lappmarks ("Lapp Marches"). In point of fact, Lapland is neither a geographical nor a political unity, and at the present day it is commonly understood to mean all those districts which are inhabited by Lapps, in whatever European country they may happen to lie.

In earlier times the name was given to the area above the limit of agriculture. To-day cultivation reaches far up into the highest Lappmarks and no fixed boundary encloses the Land of the Lapps.

It is not very long since the Lapps inhabited districts much farther to the south than any they now occupy. A few centuries ago Lapps were to be found in the Swedish province of Helsingland, in the forests by the great Lake Saima in Finland, and even in the neighbourhood of Lake Onega in Russia. To-day civilisation has pushed them into the most northerly parts of Norway, Sweden, Finland and Russia.

So-called Swedish Lapland is divided into seven Lappmarks. In the most northerly, Torne Lappmark, live the Karesuando and Jukkasjärvi Lapps ; in Lule Lappmark the Gällivare and Jokkmokk Lapps ; in Pite Lappmark the Arjeplog Lapps and those of Arvidsjäure ; in Ume Lappmark the Malå and Tärna Lapps ; while the majority of Lapps, now settled and civilised, live in Åsele Lappmark, in Jemtland and Herjedalen, the southernmost Lappmark.

These Lappmarks are of varying sizes. The largest is Lule Lappmark, whose area is greater than that of Holland. The districts of the Gällivare, Jukkasjärvi and Jokkmokk Lapps

put together are larger than the kingdom of Denmark. The population is a very different matter. In the three last Lappmarks there live to-day only some 40,000 people, of whom 4,000 are Lapps.

The various Lapp tribes of Sweden differ considerably from one another in customs, speech and dress. Still greater is the difference between those of the Finnish and Russian districts.

At the present day there are still about 30,000 Lapps. Of these 19,000 live in Norway, 7,700 in Sweden, 1,600 in Finland and some 1,700 on the Kola Peninsula. Since many Lapps have settled, especially in Norway and Sweden, and mixed to a large extent with other peoples, such as the Norwegians and Finns, it is extremely difficult to estimate their numbers, and the figures quoted merely give an approximate idea.

At what period the Lapps settled in their country and where they came from are matters of uncertainty and controversy. Modern ethnologists place them among the West Finn division of the Finno-Ugrian group of peoples, whose original home is sought in the Urals or on the Volga. To judge by certain anthropological, ethnographic and linguistic signs, they might also be Mongols. Most students of the Lapps regard them as the remnant of a distinct race of men who must at one time have lived in Eastern Europe, but who have now disappeared from those parts without leaving any substantial traces behind them.

According to their own view, the Lapps were once conquered and completely subjugated by a Finno-Ugrian people, whose language they adopted. These conquerors are supposed to have been the Tschouds, a Finnish tribe of north-west Russia, who have now been absorbed beyond recognition among the Russians and Finns. This theory of the origin of the Lapps is based on numerous ancient sagas of theirs, in which there is constant talk of fights with a wild robber tribe called Tschouds.

The language of the Lapps—which, according to this story, they took over from the Tschouds—belongs to the Finno-Ugrian branch of the Ural-Altaic family of languages and is thus related to Finnish, Esthonian, Zyrian and Hungarian.

It has undergone many changes in the course of time and developed differently in different areas, so that one may say that there are now in fact several Lapp languages, which diverge so markedly from one another that a Lapp from one linguistic region cannot understand the man who comes from another. One of these idioms is spoken, for example, by the Russian Lapps who live on the Kola Peninsula and the Finnish Lapps of Petsamo on the Arctic Ocean. A second is spoken in the neighbourhood of Lake Enare in northernmost Finland, a third in the north of Norway and in Torne Lappmark in Sweden, a fourth in Lule and Pite Lappmarks, and so on. It is impossible to draw boundaries between the various linguistic regions. Furthermore, there are many dialects within them: something like fifty have been distinguished.

When reindeer-keeping developed among the Lapps is unknown. It is supposed that the Lapps, who were originally a hunting and fishing folk, gradually domesticated the wild reindeer which they found in the districts where they settled. (According to another theory the reindeer did not arrive till after the Lapps !) Certain it is that the reindeer was the last animal of all to enter man's service and that the reindeer-keeping of the Lapps was strongly influenced by the neighbouring peoples. It was from them that they learnt to castrate the bucks, as well as to milk and make cheese, as is shown by the fact that the Lapp words for milk, milking and cheese are borrowed from the speech of their neighbours.

At first reindeer-keeping was by no means so essential to the Lapps as it is now, and many families did not possess any. Many of them continued to live as hunters and fishermen, and even to-day there are the so-called Fisher Lapps, found principally in the north of Norway, who have no

reindeer and may be regarded as the remnants of those ancient Lapps. They are certainly not reindeer-keepers who have come down in the world, as is sometimes assumed.

When the Lapps took to following their herds regularly into the mountains, reindeer-keeping developed more and more. It soon became impossible to spend much time on hunting and fishing, for, the larger the herds grew, the more time and energy must be devoted to looking after them.

Oddly enough, not all reindeer moved off into the mountains. Some braved the heat of summer in the valleys and the plague of insects and had their grazing-grounds among the low-lying forests and swamps. The Lapps who own reindeer of this kind are called Forest Lapps. Their herds are nothing like so large as those of the Mountain or Nomad Lapps, and they have to watch over them continually for fear they should stray beyond the grazing-land belonging to the *sida*. The Forest Lapps wander about within this area, which they guard against all intruders.

The forest reindeer are stronger and bigger than the mountain kind and have the habit of merely nibbling at grasses, lichens and shrubs, so that the plants are not spoilt. The mountain reindeer are not so thrifty. They eat up everything that comes under their muzzles, stalks and all, and, in particular, tear up the roots, so that any land which they have finished with offers no further pasture within measurable time. This occasions many a dispute between Forest and Mountain Lapps. Woe betide the wretched Forest Lapp through whose grazing-ground a herd has passed on its way to the mountains ! There is nothing left for him but to buy fresh pasture land.

From the economic point of view there are thus three great groups of Lapps : the nomads proper, the wandering Mountain Lapps, who are on the move the whole year round with their large herds of reindeer ; the Forest Lapps, who inhabit the forest districts and have nowadays largely settled down ;

and the Fisher Lapps, who are to be found mainly on the coasts, living by the fish they catch.

Reindeer-keeping was once widespread over large parts of Europe. To-day it is only to be seen in Siberia and among the Lapps.

The Eskimoes and Indians in the north of America have to this day not attempted to tame the wild reindeer, which they still hunt. When the rich game districts fell a prey to the inroads of civilisation, the existence of many Eskimo tribes was threatened. The Government of the United States then tried to create a new means of life for them by introducing the domestication of reindeer. They imported animals from Siberia and got Lapps from Norway to come and teach the Eskimoes to keep them. The experiment was a success, the reindeer multiplied in ever-growing degree and the future of the Eskimoes in that part of the continent may be regarded as assured.

All Lapps are now Christians. When, in the early fourteenth century, the first missionaries came to Lapland, the religion of the Lapps consisted of a mixture of ancient Lapp beliefs, nordic paganism borrowed from their neighbours and Christianity such as had long been preached in Norway and Sweden by wandering monks. Although in the following centuries the missionary work was prosecuted with great zeal, Christianity was for long unable to gain ground owing to the difficulties of getting at the nomads.

In Sweden it was only at the beginning of the nineteenth century that a Protestant pastor (and later bishop), Lars Levi Laestadius, fully succeeded in converting the Lapps. With great fanaticism, iron energy and excessive severity, this man, who possessed brilliant gifts as a preacher, soon mastered the Lapps completely, and his teaching was carried on and clinched by his followers and disciples.

Unfortunately his exaggerated Puritanism utterly destroyed the old culture of the Lapps. All dances, feasts, games and songs, all representational art and the traditional

legends vanished. All ornament, all beautification of clothing was forbidden as sinful. And although in modern times the followers of this sect have abated their stringency, the harm once done cannot be undone.¹

The material culture of the Nomad Lapps has not altered much with the passage of time, since nomads can make little use of the fruits of civilisation. It remains a relic of a long past cultural epoch and deserves to be preserved. My wife and I visited the Jokkmokk and Karesuando Lapps, who are to this day almost exclusively Nomad Lapps.

¹ The Lapps in Russia had a different fate. Christianity was, it is true, early preached among them as well, and nearly all Russian Lapps are now baptised and members of the Greek Orthodox Church. But it has not sunk in very deep, and nowhere can one find so much of the people's old beliefs as among the Lapps of Russia, the Skolts as they are called.

•

PART I
AMONG THE JOKKMOKK LAPPS

CHAPTER I

JOURNEY TO THE NOMAD LAPPS

IN spring the Lapps break up their winter camp and move off with their herds of reindeer to the mountains. Travelling at this time of year is extremely arduous. The long winter night is indeed over, but ice and snow are still lying on the lakes and rivers, in the forests and over the wide swampy country. From time to time it thaws so quickly that the sledges sink in too deep for the reindeer to pull them. The herd sink in too and cannot advance. The animals grow stubborn and restless. Often the thawed snow freezes again to glistening ice, which cuts the animals' hoofs till they bleed. It is then impossible for them to scratch away the crust of snow and reach food. They suffer from hunger, and hunger drives them on towards the high mountains, where the wind has swept away the snow and laid grazing-places bare on the south slopes. These are hard days for the Lapps, since they must try at all costs to keep pace with the herd, even when the fierce spring snow-storms bluster in their faces. The storms cannot do much harm to the reindeer, whose hairy coat protects them from the severity of the weather. But many a herdsman has been frozen to death, for there is little shelter to be had when the storm rips away the tent-cloths and the fire is stifled.

But the Lapp does not grumble. He has been used to this fight with the forces of nature from his birth. He steels himself to the struggle and seeks protection like an animal in the wild. The reward of his toils comes with the summer. When the midnight sun stands in the sky and the moors are

in bloom, he is free and happy. Those are the Lapp's palmiest days.

It was the end of March when Ivar Mattson Tuolja with his *sida*¹ left the forests about Jokkmokk. He took his wife and his two-months-old son with him. Sunna Tuolja had her hands full with this little scion of the house of Tuolja, who screamed almost day and night and grew more and more restless as they pushed their way on into the mountains. In May the *sida* had reached the shores of the Situojahre, where sledges and skis were left behind, and by June they could pitch their first delightful summer camp at the foot of mighty, ice-capped Akka. But there was no pleasure in the peace and grandeur of the beloved mountains for Sunna. Her child was dying. He had ceased to cry and lay still and hot in his little cradle, till one day the raging fever snatched him away. Ivar and Sunna Tuolja laid their dead child in a coffin of birch bark. Along the same path by which they had come they carried him to the church-village to have him blessed and buried. The times are now long past when the Lapps gave up their beloved dead to the wilds and laid them on sledges on an island in the middle of some lake or river.

For this sad journey the pair used the motor launches which, during the two summer months, carry the scanty traffic on the ninety mile chain of lakes of the great Lule River. One of these launches brought us, too, to the Norwegian frontier. During this journey we made the acquaintance of Ivar and Sunna Tuolja, who were returning from the burial of their child to the *sida* in the mountains.

Sunna Tuolja sat on a low bench in the middle of the boat. She was of small build and she obviously had on her best dress. The blue *kolte*,² reaching down to her ankles, was

¹ The *sida* consists of the members of a family, in the large sense. Lapps who are not blood relations, but who are not in a position to protect their herds themselves or to live alone, may join it. The members of a *sida* wander together year by year, always follow the same route, and in spring always make for the same calving-ground and the same grazing and resting-places. Any slight change is caused only by conditions of weather and pasture.

² The *kolte* is the sack-like gown which is worn by both men and women.

bordered with new ribbons, woven of many colours, and the high, blue cap of the Jokkmokk Lapps sat crooked on her head. Out from under it, like little rats' tails, dangled two black plaits, which were tied with a thread of red wool. She chatted cheerfully with the boatman. Her little face, tanned by wind and weather, smiled roguishly at him. It was fun for her to travel so effortlessly, and what was for us a monotonous journey was entertaining and exciting to one whose life had not spoilt her with variety. While her lively eyes let nothing escape them, her small brown hands were busy with some piece of handwork, and in her skilful fingers now a reindeer-skin bag, now a multi-coloured ribbon, took shape.

From time to time her husband addressed a word to her. Ivar Tuolja gazed with clouded features into the clear water, his cap pulled low over his forehead. He talked to nobody. Where were his thoughts? Were they at the little grave that he had so recently left in the church-village? Was he troubled by thoughts of what might have happened to his *sida* during his absence? Or was he displeased that his wife behaved so gaily and coquettishly among strangers? He cast a quick glance at Sunna. She had taken the knife from her side to show it to a Swede, who was admiring the beautifully carved thing with a flow of words which sounded as if they were addressed rather to its owner. How could Sunna be so forward, Ivar reflected, and show so much pleasure? Did she not know that all these people meant no good to the Lapps? They could speak friendly words and, when it suited them, pay a few coins for pretty Lapp carvings. But it was dangerous to have any truck with them. People who spent their lives in dark houses and noisy towns and used their uncanny knowledge to indulge a greed for money and luxury must have sold themselves to the devil. Such people could have nothing in common with the free nomads, and it was pride and pity that spoke in their faces when they condescended to talk to Lapps.

Ivar need not have worried about his wife. Sunna was clever. The fine clothes and bulging rucksacks of the pale-faces from the towns made no impression on her. But why should she not chat a little and find out what the tall blond woman and the man who sat the whole time over his maps were doing among the mountains of Lapland? She had not forgotten her dead child—far from it—but it was good to rest a little for once, not to be tortured by perpetual fear and anxiety, and to close the eyes at night without the twitching of a miserably crying little body beside her. Nevertheless her husband's displeasure did not escape her. She plunged her hand into her reindeer-skin bag and pulled out, from among the tangle of pieces of stuff and clothing and coloured balls of wool, a lump of white bread which she had bought in the village and some dark brown goat's cheese. She handed them to her husband with a few pleasant words: when men are moody the cause is often an empty stomach. With an air of indifference he took the delicacies and without a word of thanks ate them to the last crumb.

In the meantime Sunna got us to tell her what we were after in the mountains of Lapland. "You must visit us," she interrupted in her bright Swedish. "We shall be camping at the Snjuttjotesjokk till the end of the week." This was an idea worth considering.

But where was the Snjuttjotesjokk? She seized the map, and her small brown finger ran quickly over the names of mountains, valleys and lakes till it halted decisively on a certain spot.

"Here," she said, "from Vaisaluokta, not far from the Norwegian frontier, a path leads upwards. For a mile it goes steeply uphill, following the falling stream, then to the south-west over the moor to the Kâtjasjaure. There you'll find a Lapp hut where you can rest. After that upright stones mark the way, which leads to a place where you will find a boat on the shore of a lake. From the other side you can easily reach our camp in a few hours—that is," she added

hesitatingly, "if one or two rivers that you have to cross are not too full so that you have to go round them."

My wife gave me a sign. It seemed doubtful to her whether we should ever find this Lapp encampment. Sunna appeared to guess her thoughts.

"I should be glad to show you the way," she chattered on in her fresh, childlike voice, "but my husband and I have got to hurry on as soon as we reach Vaisaluokta, because in two days they will be mustering the reindeer at our place in the mountains and Ivar must not miss it."

Day after day we sailed on over the countless lakes which pour into each other in mighty waterfalls (Fig. 9). Endless forests stretched on both sides. Not a trace of human beings was to be seen. Slowly the mountains drew nearer, ever higher, steeper and more majestic. Again and again we had to go round rapids and waterfalls and continue our journey above them in another boat. At last we came to the Luoktanjarkajaure, one of the highest lakes, into which the water from the snow- and ice-crowned peaks of the border mountains pours.

During this time we turned Sunna's proposal over in our minds. If we accepted the invitation it would mean completely changing the carefully worked-out plan of our expedition. Our intention had been to make Vaisaluokta our base, pack up the contents of our provision chests and other baggage in bales for carrying, make friends with Karesuando Lapps, who are in the habit of camping there for the summer, and at the same time rest after our eight days' strenuous travelling. Later on we meant to make our way to the Jokkmokk Lapps, to whom the Tuoljas apparently belonged. On the other hand, the invitation suited us splendidly. The Mountain Lapps have the reputation of being difficult to approach, not to say hostile to strangers, and our acquaintance with the Tuoljas might make contact appreciably easier. This consideration turned the scales. After all, the original plans of an expedition are almost invariably upset in

practice. Such had been our experience in other parts of the world. Why should it be otherwise in Lapland?

When we arrived at Vaisaluokta we had made up our minds to accompany the Tuolja couple to their camp. We crammed the eight days' preparation of our original plan into two hours and set about engaging the necessary carriers among the Lapps on the spot. There we encountered our first difficulties. The Lapps are under no necessity to perform services for strangers. So the crafty rascals found the opportunity of exploiting our predicament too tempting. They knew that we wanted to move on at once with the Tuoljas and that we could not carry our heavy baggage ourselves. So they made quite exorbitant demands, and it was only when we started unpacking our bundles again, under the pretence of staying where we were, that five young men finally agreed to transport our meagre baggage for more than good payment.

Towards midnight we set out. Sunna's husband led our little caravan. Our way—if one may so describe the barely visible tracks in the wild—led steeply uphill, and we soon discovered that we must give up all our good old tourist traditions if we wanted to keep up with the Lapps. We charged uphill at top speed, and between every half hour of this outrageous pace a rest was interpolated. Everyone squatted down on the grass, gasping and dripping with sweat, only to freeze the next minute with chattering teeth in the icy north wind. Then on we went again in the same fashion. We never missed the chance of a drink from each of the numerous streams. The alpenstock was carried pointing downhill instead of uphill, and we were prepared at every moment to see one of the carriers lose his balance and hurtle head first down the mountain side. This way of carrying on would have turned the stomach of any self-respecting German mountaineer. Happily the Lapps had no inkling of the blasphemous remarks I was inwardly addressing to them. They had not the slightest intention of hurtling, but leant

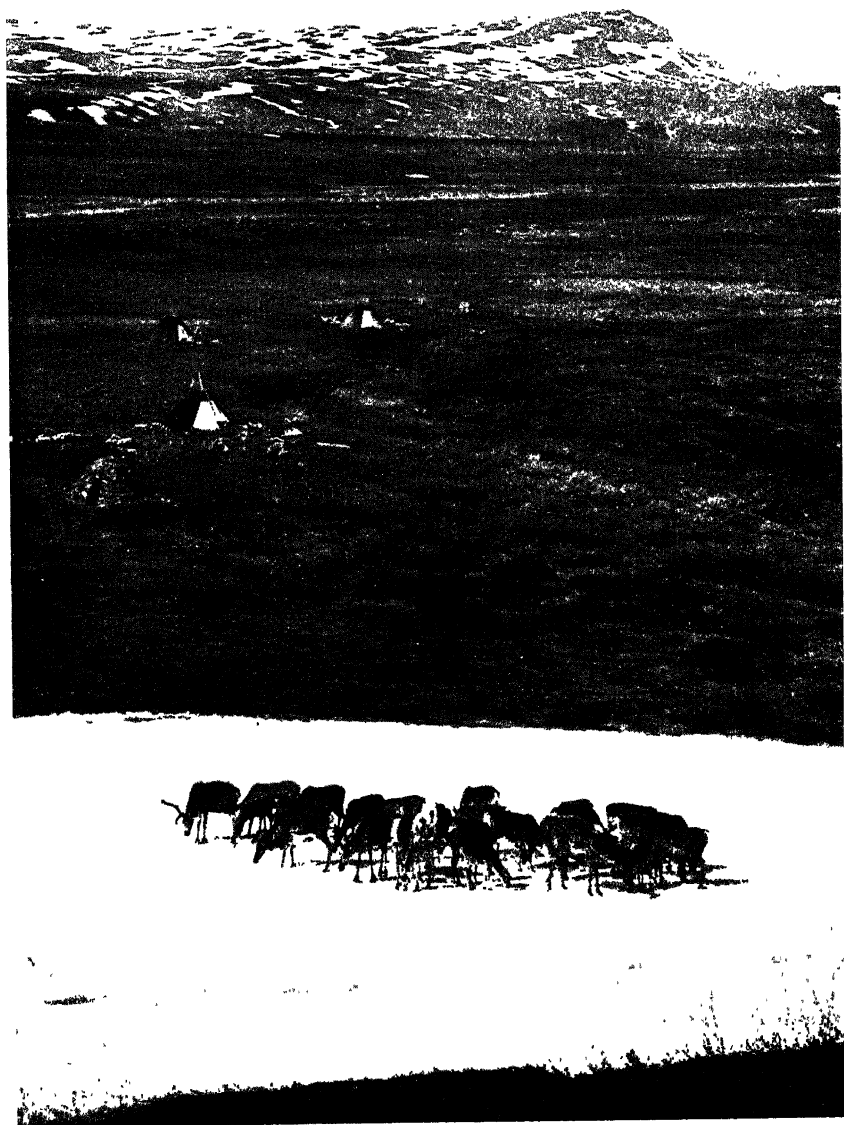


Fig. 1. Camp of the Jokkmokk Lapps near the Kâtjasjaure. The reindeer make for patches of snow in the summer heat.



Fig. 2. The reindeer are driven into the enclosure for the muster. A bunch of them break out at the side and make a dash for the mountains.

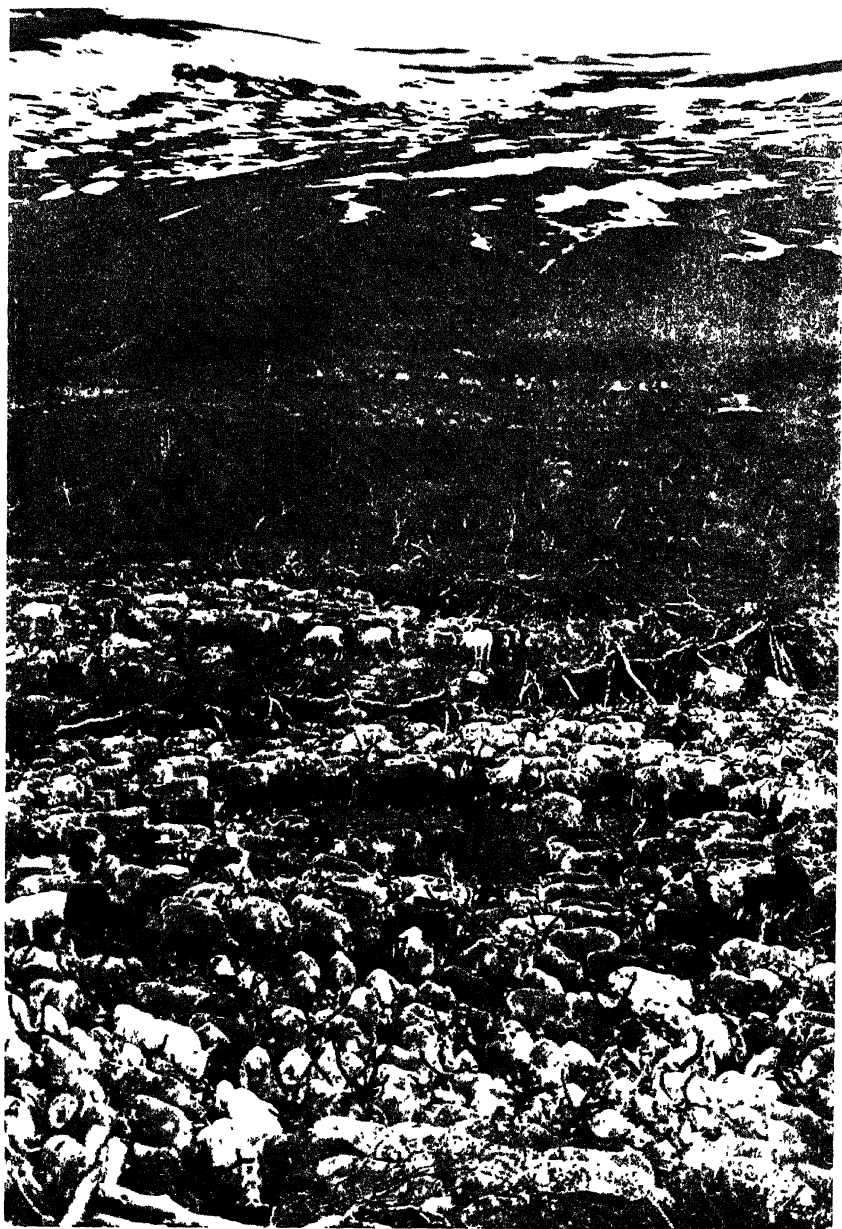


Fig. 3. The dense mob of reindeer circle round and round in the enclosure into which they have been driven for the muster. A forest of antlers rises above the steaming bodies.



Fig. 4. His lasso ready in his hand, the old man looks out for his mark in the ears of the reindeer.



Fig. 5. The lasso flies through the air and the noose closes round the hind leg of one of the animals.



Fig. 6. The man grips the fawn between his knees and cuts his mark in its ears.



Fig. 7. The Jokkmokk girls also make themselves useful at the reindeer muster and like to show the young men what they can do.



Fig. 8. A young Karesuando Lapp. The blue kolte is edged with coloured ribbons and a large bright red woollen tassel dances on the front of the cap.



Fig. 9. One of the numerous waterfalls of the great Lule River.

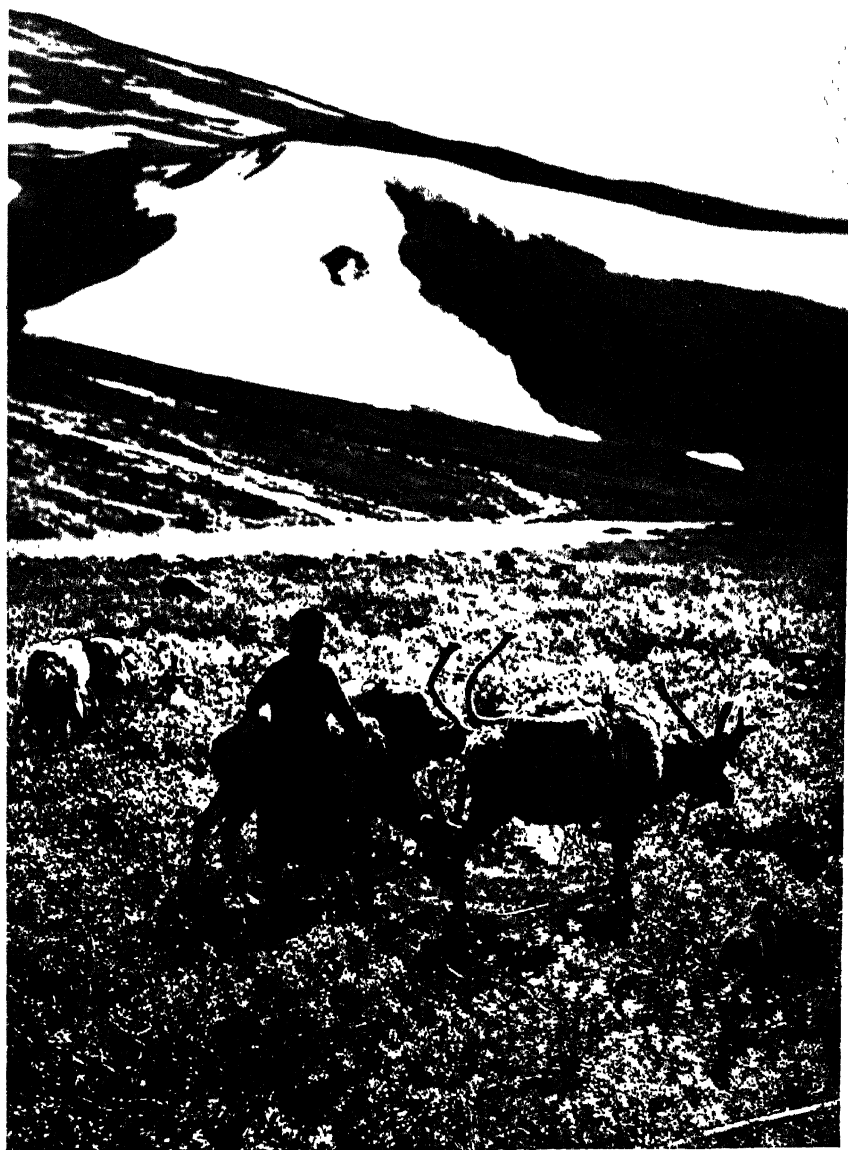


Fig. 10. The pack animals are saddled. A girl lays a skin on the animal's back as a saddle-cloth.

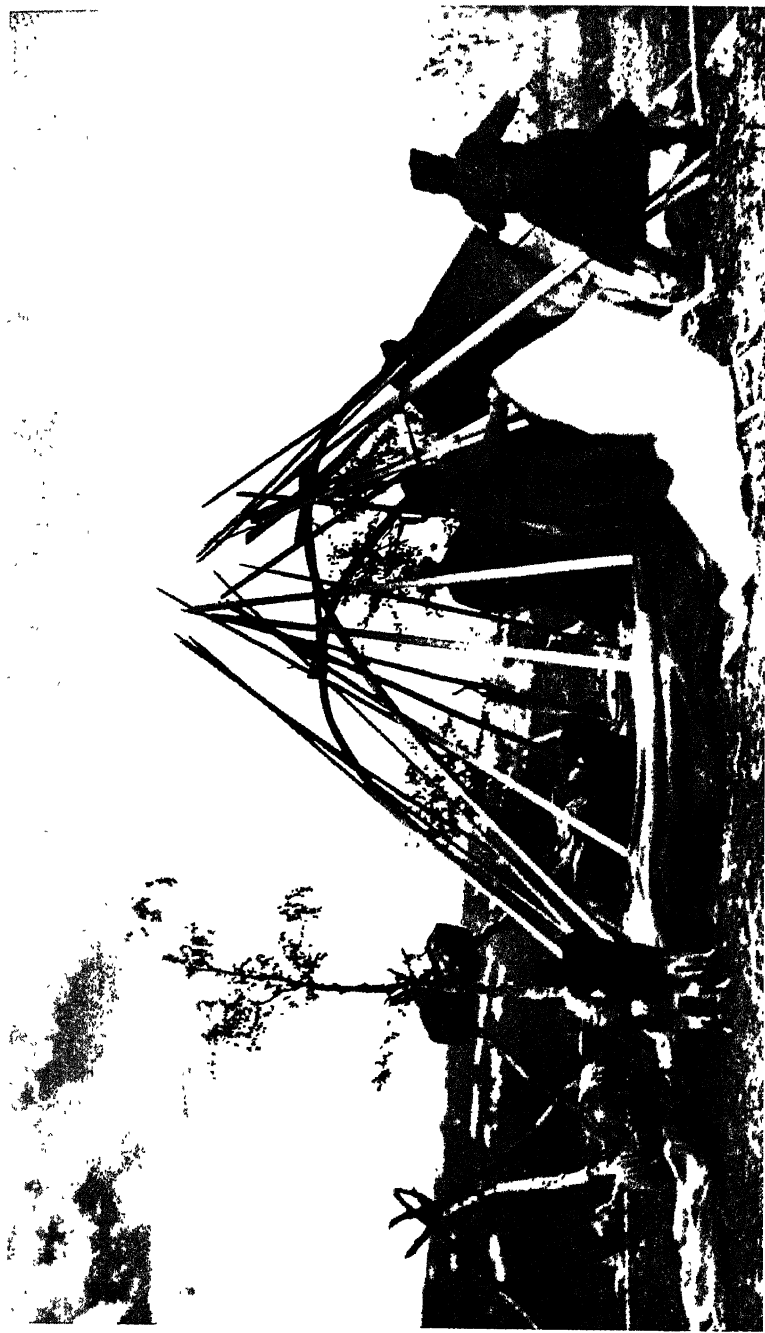


Fig. 11. The tent is taken to pieces. Several girls undo the tent cloths from the poles and fold them, to use them as saddle-cloths for the backs of the pack animals.



Fig. 12. Sunna and Ivar Tuolja tie our baggage to the saddles of the pack animals, while Frau Bernatzik holds their bridles.



Fig. 13. Lapp household goods : a food case made of birch bark bent and sewn together ; on the left an old milk-can ; on the right wooden vessels and a dipper.



Fig. 14. Two-piece saddle for pack animals. One piece has a hole at the upper end, the other a projection which is fitted into the hole of the first.

on their long sticks and leapt across rocks and chasms, through rivers and swamps, and over fields of snow. Sunna hopped like a bird in front of us, and Ivar was always so far ahead that he looked like a mere shifting black spot amid the desolate mountains. It was fortunate that the rays of the midnight sun gave no heat and the icy wind from the glaciers cooled our hot lungs. For six hours we forged ahead in this breakneck fashion and, despite the steep ascent, we put nearly twenty miles behind us. Was it any wonder that we had no wish but to sleep and that we were insensitive to the charms of the midnight sun? When at last we pulled up at the solitary hut by the Kåttjasjaure, of which Sunna had spoken, we sank like corpses on a few bundles of birch brushwood and dropped immediately into dreamless sleep.

CHAPTER II

THE FIRST MORNING

THE damp nose of a dog sniffing my face woke me from unconsciousness. I shivered and pulled the thick grey reindeer skin, which had slid off, over my shoulders again. My wife was still sound asleep on her bed of skins, her feet in their wet shoes resting against the stone circle of the dead fire, her face covered with her hat. Similarly swathed figures reposed in the turf hut, spread starwise round the fire. Delicious fresh air blew down upon us through the smoke hole and silvery rays of sunlight darted through the cracks of the little birch-plank door. The gentle sounds of goat bells sounded in front of the hut—the only sounds on this bright summer morning.

How late was it? Where were the carriers with our baggage? Were Sunna and Ivar tucked away under the piles of skin which now began slowly to stir in the hut?

Mercilessly I woke my wife. Since she knew Swedish, it was she who must find out. Our united efforts succeeded in setting a huge heap of reindeer skins in motion. A small tubby woman crawled out, pulled her leather *kolte* over her woollen undergarment, crammed her cap on top of her ruffled hair and speedily made a fire of birch brushwood. So quickly did the flames blaze up that we scarcely had time to draw in our feet. The Lapp woman took the largest of the copper coffee-pots from a row along the wall of the hut, ladled water from a tub, put in a few spoonfuls of ground coffee and set the pot in the open fire. Only then did she turn to us and ask us in friendly tones how we had slept.

The delicious smell of the coffee excited our hunger and directed our thoughts to our provision cases. In reply to our inquiry where they had been put, our hostess treated us to a cheerful flood of talk from which we gathered what had happened in the meantime.

It was 8 a.m. We had slept for two hours. Ivar and Sunna Tuolja, on the other hand, had allowed themselves no rest, but gone straight on. Our carriers, too, with all our possessions, had gone on with them. My first thought was of what might have happened to my photographic apparatus. But in such cases it is not only tactless, but quite useless to show anxiety or distrust. So we resigned ourselves to enjoying the strong coffee.

A tousled head of black hair suddenly peeped out from under a reindeer skin. Bit by bit followed a sleepy, freckled little face, and a boy came to light, clad in a woollen shirt. He never took his eyes off us. From the other side of the hut the cries of a baby rang out and a gentle voice tried to calm the squaller. Then we heard the sucking of the infant at its mother's breast. We could see neither mother nor child for the veritable mountain of reindeer skins that lay between us. The forms of several men rose into view, puffing and snorting as they buckled their belts tighter and pulled on their reindeer-leather shoes. We asked if one of them would go with us. Certainly, Lars was ready to go. He had to attend the muster in any case.

We were in a hurry to get started, but Lars was apparently less so. Meticulously he filled his leather bag with provisions. At the bottom he stowed away the coffee-pot, without which no Lapp will travel one step, then a pair of shoes with a bundle of hay in them. Pipe, lighter and tobacco came on top. Then he took his long stick and was at last ready to start.

When we stepped out of the hut a magnificent view met us. As far as the eye could see stretched the soft folds of the mountains, covered with countless glittering flakes of snow.

Before us lay a lake. Its water was so clear, its shores so still and restful, that one did not so much as notice where the water lapped the shore. Till now I had only dreamed of such a fairy lake.

We climbed into a small boat and glided away over this polished mirror. It was almost a shock to hear the hard splash of the oars amid the infinite silence.

On the other side stood a second boat. We fastened it to ours and towed it back the same way we had come. We then left the first boat where we had found it, crossed once more to the other side in the second boat and pulled it up on the beach. This is the custom among the Lapps.

“What happens if somebody doesn’t row the boat back?” my wife asked.

“That never happens,” Lars replied. “Everyone who travels in the mountains of Lapland thinks of the man who will come after him.”

We left the lake behind us and marched on. Sunna had not hesitated without reason when she hinted on the boat that we might have to make our way round swollen rivers. The snow had melted so much that they had turned into proper torrents and it was only possible to ford them at a few places, which Lars always and infallibly found.

At length we reached Ivar Tuolja’s encampment. Six tents stood in the low-lying, swampy ground of the fork of a river. To the north and east rose small hills and mountains. A few goats seemed to be the only living inhabitants of the camp. We had pictured to ourselves a somewhat different reception. But when we fancied that Mrs. Tuolja would welcome us like old friends, we were mistaken. Our guide disappeared without a word into one of the smoking huts and left us alone. After a long search we found our baggage under the scanty branches of a solitary birch tree. The rucksacks and bales were partly torn, partly wet through.

We were tired and hungry. We set to work to put up our tent not far from the Lapp camp and made ourselves at

home. Hardly had we collected wood and lighted a cheerful fire when excited shouts and the barking of dogs resounded from the camp. Several figures pointed in lively fashion towards a spot which was hidden from us by a small ridge. We ran up this ridge and were overwhelmed by the scene which faced us. The place was alive with Lapps and their dogs, running hither and thither like a swarm of startled bees. To the east a dark mass was moving down the mountain side. It was some thousands of reindeer slowly advancing towards us, driven on by their herdsman and dogs. There was no more rest for us. Our fatigue vanished. We hurried back to our tent, scattered the fire, stuffed bread and cheese in our pockets, pulled the cameras out of their cases and rushed towards the reindeer, for the muster was now to begin.

•

CHAPTER III

A REINDEER MUSTER

DURING the winter and spring wanderings it always happens that many reindeer go astray. Sometimes it is a whole bunch of them, sometimes hinds with their fawns, sometimes fawns by themselves, which get lost in this way. The female reindeer is not a good mother, and sometimes a young fawn which has only just seen the light of day is shamefully deserted. Although it is capable of fending for itself in the wilds as early as two weeks old, it will not grow so strong as the fawns which have drunk their mother's milk. As a rule it will attach itself to a strange hind and offer it the affection which its own mother has rejected.

So long as the snow covers the ground and the storms rage and the weather maintains the moody character of the northern spring, there can be no search for the strayed animals. They follow any herd that happens to cross their path. During the summer the head of every family takes care to separate his animals from other herds. For this purpose the Lapps assemble every year at fixed places and drive the reindeer into stockades. This gathering of the herds also affords the opportunity of marking the unmarked animals, that is, of giving them the mark by which every reindeer owner knows his property.

These marks are cut in one ear or both and take the form of simple points, notches or holes. Although there are only eighteen of these marks there is no confusion, because they are cut in different parts of the two ears, which means that there are innumerable possible combinations.

For the most part it is fawns which are marked at a muster, but it often occurs that unmarked young animals of as much as two years old turn up, whose owners for one reason or another were not able to lay hands on them the year before. The omission has now to be remedied.

A good Nomad Lapp knows all the marks which are used in the region where he wanders. If he discovers several strange animals in his herd he sends word to the various camps that a muster will be held on such and such a day, when owners may recover their animals and take them away. Generally, however, they do not wait for a message, and every "house father" who misses any of his reindeer goes to all the musters that take place in his district.

A reindeer muster is usually held on some piece of ground whose natural formation makes it easy to collect the herds by putting obstacles in the way of any animals which try to escape. The muster of the herds to which Ivar Tuolja's *sida* belonged took place on a tongue of land formed by two rivers, the Snjuttjotesjokk and the Kisurisjokk, which flow into the Kåttjasjaure some three miles farther north. To the south-east the ground is shut in by the steep slopes of Mount Kisuri, while to the north rises the mighty Akka range, whose nine ice-clad peaks looked down upon us.

As far as the eye could see the peculiar Lapland mountains extended, very bare and bleak, for no craggy walls of cliff interrupt their line, no sombre woods lie at their feet and not a tree grows on their moors. The limit of trees in northern Lapland is at a little under 2,000 feet above sea level. An occasional gnarled birch stands all by itself, bent by wind and weather, and crouching to the earth rather than stretching up towards the sky.

Five hundreds yards from the camp of the *sida* they had erected a large enclosure, a space measuring a hundred yards across and surrounded by a high, strong fence of birch branches interwoven with brushwood. Four smaller pens stood out from the large arena like growths. The ground

was swampy and on one side grew a clump of low alder bushes. It was there that the visitors who had come to the muster had settled down. Some also found cover in the tents of the camp, but it was tiresome to run from there to the enclosure too often in the course of the day. Besides, one might miss a good deal if one did not keep the reindeer under one's eye day and night. So most of them preferred the shade of the alder bushes.

There were many Karesuando Lapps and a few from Gällivare Lappmark. The men helped to collect the herd, their wives and daughters sat among the bushes and waited. They had tied up their dogs to the bushes for the present or fastened a block of wood to their necks to stop them running about. The dogs have to be kept back when a herd is approaching.

Already the huge herd of reindeer was drawing near. It had been driven together on the slopes of Kisuri, and the beaters and dogs were now heading it towards the enclosure. Nearer and nearer it came and louder and louder swelled the shouts of the herdsmen. The earth shook and echoed under the thud of thousands of hoofs. Wrapped in a cloud of dust the animals surged forward, while everyone took to his heels to avoid being knocked down and trampled on. A boy smartly pulled out the heavy birch pole which barred the entrance to the enclosure. Men, women and children formed a thick chain of beaters, waved their arms wildly, yelled at the top of their voices and tried to drive the oncoming herd towards the gap in the enclosure. One section of the reindeer ran in all right, but a bunch of them broke out at the side (Fig. 2). Men ran and egged on the dogs to catch this refractory troop from the other side. The animals grew more and more excited. With uplifted muzzles and bloodshot eyes these normally peaceful creatures ran hither and thither, till finally a powerful leader buck seemed to grasp the men's intention and decided to enter the enclosure. The rest followed him. Now only a few bewildered hinds



Fig. 15. The buck, in mid-stream, has got into deep water and is struggling against the current with frightened eyes.



Fig. 16. The *sida* is ready to start. In the background one of the peaks of the Akka range wrapped in cloud.

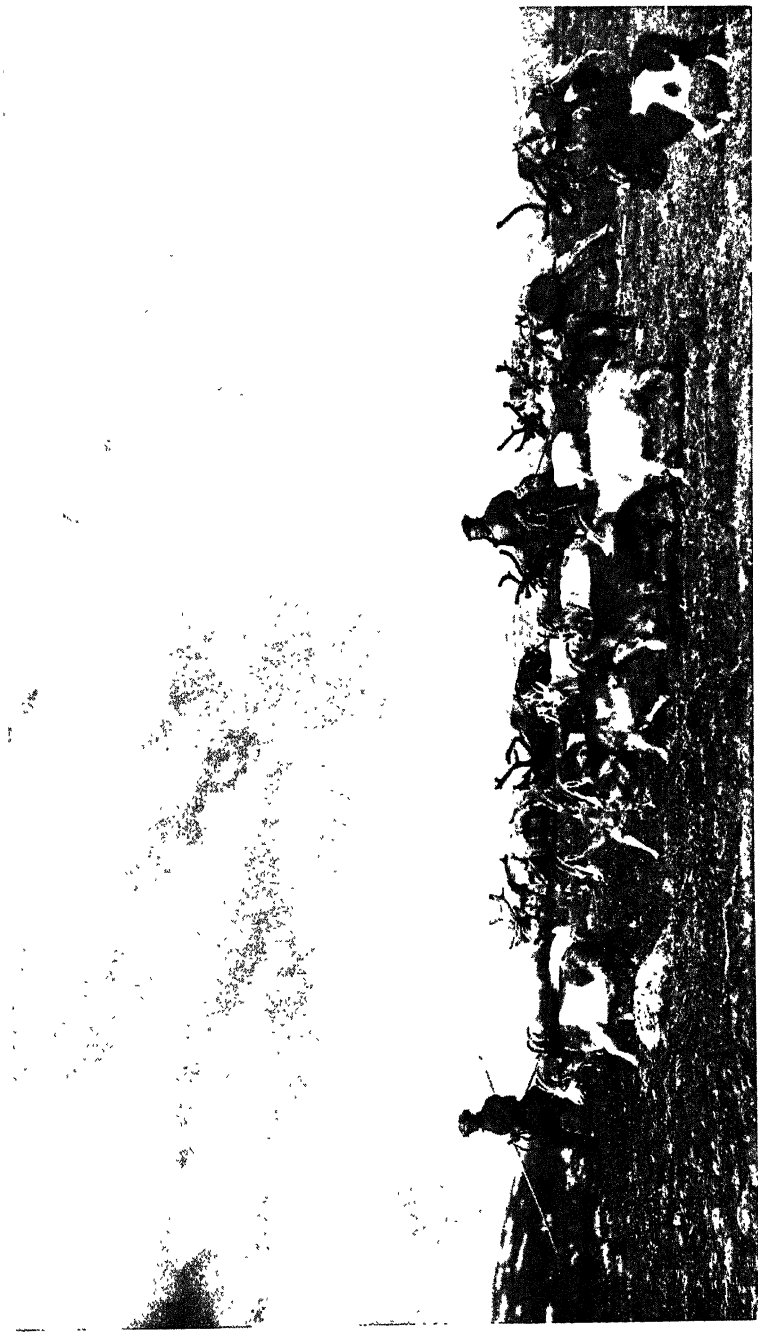


Fig. 17. A *raide* on the march : Ivar and Sunna Tuolja lead their laden pack animals and a group of goats run alongside. In this way one *raide* follows another, and a long line of men and beasts winds across the bleak landscape.



Fig. 18. Rapids and waterfalls make it difficult to cross the rivers.



Fig. 19. A *raide* in the bed of a river. The leader tests the bed cautiously with his long staff to avoid deep places.



Fig. 20. The reindeer see the other bank ahead of them and hurry forward, stirring up the water.



Fig. 21. The Lapps dry the hay from their shoes and their naked feet at the fire.

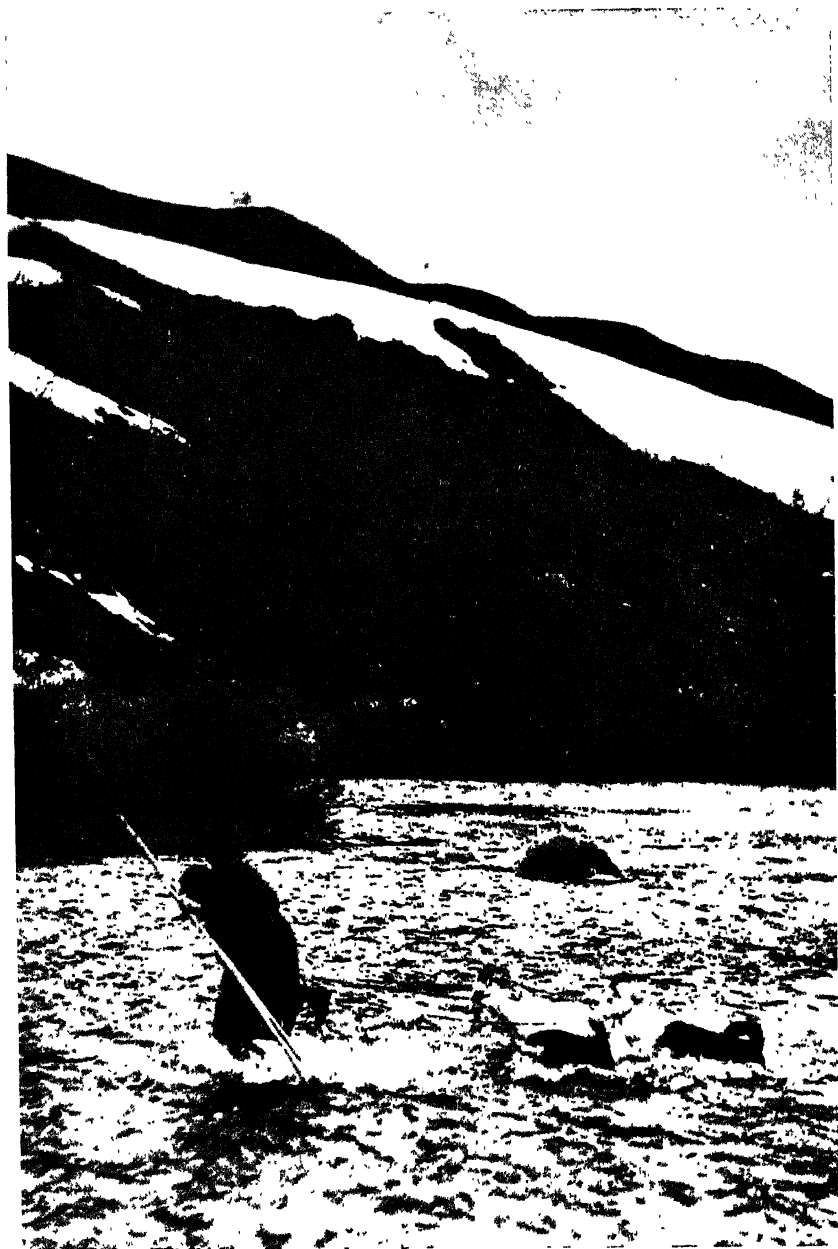


Fig. 22. Erik Knoljokk carries Kristina Airo across the river. She is pulling dogs and goats after her.

and fawns fled across the moor towards the mountains. They had to be left to run and the search for them postponed to some other time.

The enclosure was now shut, and with sighs of relief the Lapps wiped the sweat from their dripping brows. At last a few minutes' repose was allowed. Some of the herdsmen and beaters had been several days on the way without sleep or a proper meal, after their single groups of animals the whole time, and finally they had helped to drive together the entire herd. These men now retired to the camp for a rest. The others went on with the work.

In the large enclosure the imprisoned reindeer are crowded together. They have first to settle down in their new situation. Fawns hunt for their mothers, young animals for their companions, and many a young buck stands rooted to the ground in amazement at this new experience. There are some 1,000 to 1,500 head in the trap. This is called a mustering troop and is naturally only a fraction of the herd belonging to the Lapps assembled here (Fig. 3).

The mass now begins slowly to circle and trample the soft ground knee deep. With regular tread it moves in the arena, always in the same direction—always in the direction of the sun's orbit, the Lapps say.¹

Thousands of leg sinews crack. A steady, ceaseless lowing and grunting rises from the herd, and quite extraordinary sounds the deep bass of the young, dainty-limbed fawns. A forest of antlers waves above the steaming, grey-brown bodies. If one watches this living roundabout for a while one turns quite giddy. All of a sudden one part of the mass stands still: a few animals halt, pressed against the fence, and stand there with shy, weary gaze, hanging their heads. The remainder circle on in the same round till the little knot breaks up and joins the wheeling mob again.

¹ We had seen a similar phenomenon in connection with herring fishery in Norway, where they surround the fish with upright nets in small bays. The herrings likewise circled continually and even when the nets were removed and they were free again they went on moving in the same circles for days.

Now the sorting begins. The Lapps stand in the middle of the herd, men, women and even children, for the youngsters must learn their job betimes. However near to one of them a reindeer comes, it always swerves quietly to one side. The lassoes fly through the air and rarely miss their aim (Fig. 5). It is wonderful with what certainty each Lapp recognises his mark in the dense, restless mass of antlers and bodies, that tiny, insignificant mark cut in an animal's ear. As soon as the noose has encircled an antler or a leg, the men pull the animal towards them, or, to be more exact, pull themselves up to the animal, catch hold of it by an antler or a hind leg and loosen the line. If it is a strong buck a terrific fight begins. The animal flings itself to the ground and refuses to be dragged away or else it rears on its hind legs and tries to escape.

To pull a frightened buck to the side of the arena calls for great strength and skill. Only the fawns are easy to catch : they are carried in a man's arms wherever he wants to have them.

Each of the visitors collects his animals in one of the small adjoining pens, whence one or two herdsmen drive them on to the open field and watch over them till the owner sets out for his own camp.

Every time an animal is separated from the herd and brought into one of the pens the owner cuts a mark with his knife in a tree trunk at the entrance to the pen. This is a simple form of book-keeping, by which he can see how many bucks, hinds and fawns he has mustered.

At the same time as the sorting the unmarked fawns and young animals are marked. With an unerring eye the men and women pick out these animals.

Holding the noose of the lasso in the left hand, the coils in the right, the older men walk round with serious mien, absorbed in their task (Fig. 4). There is one young girl, who can hardly be twelve, who is still uncertain in her throw. Her friends, the slim, dark-eyed Kristina and the fair, laugh-

ing Marja Knoljokk, are better at it. Erik Larsson Knoljokk, a stalwart lad, has held my attention for some time. Not once has his lasso missed an animal and not once has he caught the wrong one. His movements are full of unconscious grace, whether he is dashing after a fleeing deer or, with heaving chest, tackling some heavily antlered opponent or pausing and casting his shining glance over the herd, sometimes also at a girl.

An old Karesuando Lapp has got a one-year-old fawn in his noose. However violently the creature struggles and rears, it is child's play for him to pull it towards him and press it to the ground. He squats down on the twitching body, holds it fast with his knees (Fig. 6) and examines its ears. His fingers stroke the white-speckled head soothingly. If only the little creature knew how groundless its fears are ! The old man draws his knife from its sheath and cuts the family mark in the ear. The animal seems not to feel any pain ; it does not flinch and merely shakes itself contentedly as soon as its vanquisher lets it go.

Ivar and Sunna Tuolja are also standing in the middle of the enclosure. They appear to ignore us and are intent on getting their herd in order. When I saw the young woman for the first time on the boat I should never have imagined that she could have the strength which she displays at this work. With graceful dexterity she, too, wields the lasso ; she knows exactly what she is doing and gives her orders tersely. As with all these nomads, what strikes me about her is the quiet certainty of all her movements. Even in the wildest tumult and faced with the greatest difficulties she is the picture of self-possession, thinks quickly and always does the right thing at the right time.

At this moment she is pulling a fawn to her with energetic hand. She grips it between her knees, and summons two men, who examine the animal's ears very thoroughly. After considerable consultation one of them does something to the ears. Other Lapps come along and look at the mark which

the old man has cut. As Sunna told me later on, it was a question of a wrong mark. This situation can arise when, for instance, a fawn has attached itself to a strange hind and so been marked with its foster-mother's mark. Should the real owner afterwards be found, it must be changed and an expert in marks is fetched to alter it.

Occasionally an animal remains without a master, when ownership cannot be established. Formerly, when there were no reeves among the Lapps, such a reindeer was given the mark of the man to whose herd it had attached itself. Nowadays all unmarked reindeer must be handed over to the reeve, who is elected in each district for a period of six years. He sells the ownerless animals at the next reindeer auction and the proceeds go to the tribe to provide for the sick and aged who are no longer able to go up into the mountains with their *sida*.

Cases also arise where the mark which has already been made on an animal has to be altered. A lad who had spent some time in the service of the Tuoljas was due to receive his wages in the form of a hind or a young buck. The Tuoljas' mark had therefore to be changed into that of the new owner.

The alteration of the mark of ownership must be carried out in the presence of two irreproachable witnesses. This rule is very scrupulously observed, for if there is the slightest suspicion that someone has come into the possession of an animal unlawfully the reeve has the right to sell it. There are, nevertheless, "reindeer-lifters," who year by year pursue their felonious trade in one district after another. But they are soon spotted, everyone is on his guard against them, they are outlawed by the tribe and nowhere tolerated with their reindeer. As Sunna later assured me, such people are speedily expelled from the Lapp community and forced to pick up a living among the Swedish settlers. And that, to the Nomad Lapps, is the saddest of all fates.

Although the visitors had sorted out their animals from the

Tuoljas' herd, a number of strange animals still remained with them because their owners had neglected to attend the muster. While they remained they were tended by several young men who hoped later on to get them cheap from their real owners as a reward for their trouble.

Work went on feverishly throughout the night. Nobody had paid any attention to the sun, which had gradually slid down towards the horizon and then, without touching it, climbed high again. Now, at five in the morning, it scorched down upon us with all its intensity. At long last the Lapps fitted in a pause for rest and, dead tired, everyone retired to his tent. Even the indefatigable dogs stopped barking and trailed along with hanging heads behind their masters. The reindeer alone remained in the enclosure. They lay down to recover from the excitement they had gone through. Although many of them had taken part in a muster countless times, they were always seized afresh with the same anxious fear when they felt the hand of their overlords upon them.

After a few hours of rest the bustle began again. The herds which had been sorted out were driven with their herdsmen up the mountain slope to pasture, and the next mob to be mustered was driven into the enclosure.

The play of lassoes began once more. It was sport and work at one and the same time. Everybody was in high spirits and keen on the job. Suddenly a handsome youth twirled his lasso round the arm of a laughing girl. She struggled and resisted but was pulled along all the same, till, amid the hilarious shouts and jokes of the onlookers, he finally let her go. A three-year-old mite toddled behind his father, holding the end of the rope and trying again and again to throw the lasso which his father had waggishly put into his little hands.

Disputes there were, too. Differences of opinion broke out between the owners till the reeve intervened and reconciled them.

In the evening there were tired faces, in need of a good

night's sleep, and burning hands with the skin peeled off by the tough ropes. Some people had omitted to put on their thick leather gloves when the call came to tug at a rope with a stubborn buck at the other end of it.

At the close of the hot day the sky clouded over and the rain pelted down, transforming the enclosure and the whole valley in a few hours into a quagmire. That put a stop to the jolly proceedings. The women and girls, with dripping garments, first disappeared from the scene. The men, with obvious haste, put a spurt into their work, till eventually the last reindeer had left the arena and the last man withdrawn to his tent. Only the herdsmen out in the mountains kept faithful watch over their animals.

CHAPTER IV

THE PACK ANIMALS KEEP US WAITING

My wife and I needed a rest, too. We were not only exhausted by the excitement of the last few days, but also discouraged by the unfriendly reception we had met with from some of the Lapps, which my wife in particular had taken very much to heart. When we had appeared near the enclosure an old man had rushed up to us to ask what we were doing there. It was Nils Länta, the doyen of the camp, and he had addressed us in excited Swedish.

“What are you strangers doing here? This land belongs to us Lapps and you must ask us if we will allow you to look on at our work. Would you like it if strangers pushed their way in among you and behaved as if they were at home? You have no manners and you would do well to hurry up and take the same road that you have come by.”

Our reply, that we had in our pockets the written permission of the Swedish authorities and the Lapp Governor to visit the country and that, in addition, we had been expressly invited to come by the Tuoljas, made no impression on him.

“It’s nothing to do with the Swedes,” he retorted. “This is the land of the Lapps. We don’t want strangers.” He completely ignored the invitation.

When the unfriendly old man had taken himself off, others came to assure us that the Lapps were not so inhospitable as it might seem and that it was only my camera which had so upset the old man.

It appeared that a young Jokkmokk Lapp had once been to town and seen a Lapp film. He himself and his friends

looked lifelike in it, but spoke with utterly changed voices and in a foreign tongue. He was so horror-struck that, although a faithful Christian, he is to this day convinced that sorcery and evil spirits were at work. The story of the young Lapp's experience spread through the entire Lappmark in no time, and they all resolved never to let themselves be filmed or photographed.

We were thus at the outset compelled to leave the cameras in the tent and hope that we might succeed in accustoming the old man to our presence.

Our luck improved when Sunna Tuolja was once more disposed to remember us. As soon as she had slept off the fatigues of the reindeer muster and knew that her herd were safely in the mountains she came tripping into our tent to find how we had been faring. The Nils Länta story had already reached her and she said :

" You know, he thinks photography is a sin. That is what we've been taught. We are, after all, Laestadians, and the old people still hold fast to the commandments of our austere faith. We young ones don't take it so literally. We know the world and we know that there are many opinions."

She promised to have a talk with old Länta and also with the rest, who would certainly have no objection to our joining them for a while. They would be starting before long, so we had better pack our baggage in the meantime in bundles of equal weight. Then we should come to them next morning and her husband would put as many pack animals at our disposal as we needed.

At 6 a.m. we were ready to travel. We had tied up our baggage securely and carried it, at Sunna's bidding, to a small island in the river, which we had in any case to cross. We then went into the " village," as the Lapps called their camp. The people from other pasturing districts had already left with the reindeer which they had recovered. The enclosure and the whole countryside around it lay wrapped in stillness. Delicate wisps of smoke curled upwards from

the tents, but not a single living being was to be seen. It definitely did not look like starting.

We entered the Tuoljas' tent. We hastily sat down on the skins because only near the floor could one escape the dense smoke which filled the hut.

Sunna sat, surrounded by three other women, in the place assigned to the lady of the house, the *passjo*, which is at the back of the tent, facing the entrance. This was also where she slept at night, and she had all her cooking utensils and working implements at hand. To the left, beside her, was the place for the head of the house. Every other inhabitant of the tent had a special place assigned to him, with a name of its own. In this way anyone who enters a Lapp tent can see at a glance which of its occupants is at home.

We learnt from Sunna that there could be no question of starting yet, as the men were still in the mountains catching the pack animals. It sometimes takes a considerable time before every head of a family has fetched his animals out of the herd. How long depends on the weather. In rainy weather the herd usually grazes quietly in one place. If there is wind it is apt to take flight, while in very hot weather it hurries off towards the snowy peaks and the herdsmen are often unable to overtake it for some days. I peeped through the smoke hole at the sky, which arched over us without a cloud. In this weather we should have to reckon with the last of the alternatives. So we made ourselves comfortable and asked some questions about the pack animals. Everyone was astonished and smiled superior smiles at our ignorance. I knew indeed that the Lapps use castrated bucks as draught and pack animals, but we now learnt more about them. When a Lapp castrates a buck he crushes the testicles with his teeth and then squeezes them tight with his hands. The scrotum swells up and for about three days the animal is tired and weak. Afterwards there is hardly anything noticeable in its behaviour. If a buck is castrated shortly before the mating season it ruts once again, so they saw off its

antlers to hamper it in fighting. Another thing that was new to me was that for a herd of a thousand head only ten to fifteen bucks are needed to cover all the hinds. "Yes, a young buck is a devil of a fellow, he can cope with hundreds of hinds," one of the women assured me.

The majority of the castrated bucks are slaughtered or sold during the winter. A small proportion are tamed and broken in as draught or pack animals. To accustom the animal to harness it is for a considerable time tied to a tree while it is chewing the cud. In winter it is made to run behind a sledge which is drawn by a well-tamed animal. Many bucks get used to this work in a short time, others are stubborn and try to break away, and many a good sledge is smashed in the process. But in most cases they have lost their wildness by spring and are then easy to train as pack animals.

The Lapp has a special name for each year of a reindeer's life up to the seventh autumn, when it is fully grown and called *namma lappa* to the end of its days.

The time passed in conversation of this kind. People from other tents dropped in now and then to ask for news. One young fellow remarked quite casually that we should certainly have to wait a long time because the river had swollen so much after the heavy rainfall that there could be no question of crossing it for the present.

At this news I fairly shot into the air. Our baggage on the island! We ran as fast as we could and arrived just in time. The waves had covered the island and all our baggage lay in water. We dragged one piece after another to safety on the bank, unpacked everything and laid it out to dry on the ground. We set up our tent again, since for the time being there was no likelihood of the *sida's* starting.

The night on wet air-mattresses, in damp pyjamas and blankets, was no treat! But we slept on into the morning, for the rays of the sun had dried the sides of the tent and warmed us agreeably. I squinted through the little mica

window at the head of my bed down to the river. The water had gone down somewhat but, as far as I could judge, hardly enough to allow us to cross. In the "village" no one was stirring.

Only one thing was wrong with this comfortable morning. We were hungry. At our hasty departure from Vaisaluokta the difficulties with carriers had prevented our taking provisions for more than a few days. The last tin of meat had been eaten and there was only one tin of butter in our "pantry."

The Tuoljas would have to help us out. However, we were in good spirits as we walked into the "village." The hills and mountains lay before us, infinitely calm and peaceful, this rough and desolate country to which only the Lapps lend some traces of life.

Of a sudden we noticed a reindeer fawn a little way from the path. Nowhere was a mother animal to be seen. It must have got too hot in the middle of the day for the little thing to follow its mother, and so it had been left behind in loneliness. It was a late-comer, smaller than any of the fawns I had seen at the muster. I felt so sorry for it that I decided to catch it and bring it to the Lapps. I improvised a lasso out of our packing cord and tried to imitate what I had seen often enough at the muster. It was soon in the noose. Its enormous eyes looked imploringly at us. Its skin and trembling muzzle were as soft as velvet.

Proudly we led the fawn into the village, supposing that the Tuoljas would be pleased. But the faces that appeared at the tent door when we came in looked at us with dismay and they shook their heads. The fawn was unmarked. It belonged to nobody and nobody would have it. Finally we had to lead the ownerless fawn back to the same spot where we had found it and there let it go again. It stood somewhat lopsidedly on its long shaggy legs and stared helplessly after us as we left it.

In the village we were given round, flat cakes of unleavened

bread, which was baked almost daily in every hut. Thanks to our good salted butter they tasted delicious. Coffee with sugar was also most welcome, as the Lapps usually drink it salted. In the middle of our meal a message arrived from Ivar Tuolja to announce that the pack animals would soon be there and that Ivar had sprained his shoulder wrestling with a half-tamed buck. This news did not move Sunna and she showed no eagerness to begin the journey. She looked absolutely blooming, quite different from a few days before when they had just finished the muster. Her features had then been weary and flaccid ; her eyes, generally so clear, had looked out lustreless from under their half-closed lids and the tangled strands of her black hair had hung about her face. Now she was rested again and looked fresh and charming in her leather *kolte*. Suddenly she disappeared into the adjoining tent for a gossip.

The Spik family lived there. They did not belong to the Tuolja family circle. Lars Apmut Spik was what they called a "lodger," a poor Lapp who only possessed a few reindeer and had agreed with the wealthy Tuoljas to wander along with them for a number of years. Lars worked for them, tending their herds as though they were his own. In return he was allowed to inhabit a hut of his own with his family, received instead of wages beasts for slaughter and pack animals, and might milk certain goats for the use of his household.

During Sunna's absence we made friends with Ellen, her servant girl. She was a young Lapp from Norway. Her father had been pursued by bad luck. Lean years and disease had carried off his herd and now he and his family were obliged to maintain a laborious existence as fishers. Ellen, however, was not reconciled to such a fate. She had spent her whole life as a Nomad Lapp and a Nomad Lapp she was going to remain, even if she could not raise a herd of her own. She was lucky to have found a home with the Tuoljas. They treated her not as a servant, but as a relative. Besides, she

had the prospect of marrying a rich Nomad Lapp from Norway. For last midsummer night, she confided to us, she and her friend had sat back to back at a place where three rivers met, quite still, without saying a word, as you have to do if you want to find out about your marriage on midsummer night. Unfortunately she also knew that the mother of the husband assigned to her by destiny would do everything to prevent the marriage. That is what the Lapps are like : they want their daughters to marry wealthy lads and their sons to marry wealthy girls.

We asked Ellen if the Lapps are all superstitious. The torrent of her conversation now flowed into a new channel.

Superstitious they all are, though they are good Christians. It is true they pretend not to believe in such things, but they scrupulously avoid doing anything which, according to the beliefs of the old folks, would bring bad luck. A Lapp will never throw reindeer hair or skin in the fire, for that would mean bad luck to the herd. No Lapp will dare to take the first bite in the morning or the first sip of coffee with only one shoe on. That portends early widowhood. If you hear a cuckoo call when you have an empty stomach it will bring misfortune. But if you go three times round the tree where the cuckoo is sitting and hold a fresh birch twig in your hand your dearest wishes will be fulfilled.

Children must be quite still in the evening or illnesses will descend upon them. Illnesses are pictured as human figures which are afflicted with the disease and infect mortals. They use the paths of mortals, so a hut must never be built too near the road. If you sleep on the naked ground you may fall ill unless you first spit on the place where you are going to lie.

The old people also know a love potion. You mix a few drops of your own blood in a drink which you give to your sweetheart or the person you desire.

While she was telling us all this Ellen washed the wooden dishes and stirrers, scoured coffee bowls and pots, and put

away bags and boxes of food. Her hands were never still for an instant. Then, without any embarrassment, she made her toilet. She took her comb from a small leather bag hanging on one of the tent poles. Carefully she plaited her hair, took off her blue cloth *kolte* and sat before us in her woollen undergarment. She then washed her face and hands in a small wooden basin and pulled another *kolte* over her head. And all the while she sang.

We took our leave and walked through the clear evening towards our tent. For a long time we heard the sound of her songs, and we felt that no other music could so well express the strangeness of this landscape as these grave and sadly flowing melodies.

CHAPTER V

EN ROUTE WITH THE LAPPS

OUR premonition that the departure would take place quite suddenly was right. Sunna Tuolja roused us from the depths of sleep : “ The reindeer are here ! We’re starting ! ”

We have never pulled on our clothes, taken down the tent and packed our gear so quickly. Under no circumstances must we make a bad impression by causing delay at the very start. Sunna tied up our bundles as tight as she could and made a sort of handle with the cords. Every pair of bundles must be of equal weight and must not weigh more than eighteen kilograms. We then followed Sunna into the village.

Several men were there, each of them with three or four reindeer tied together, leading them up and down to calm them before saddling. Several other pack animals, older ones that were used to carrying, stood tied to the stump of a tree, grazing quietly.

The women were busy packing their belongings (Fig. 13). Each household had a host of boxes and reindeer-skin bags. Dried reindeer meat, coffee, salt and sugar were stowed away in tins. The big bag of clothing alone accounted for half a reindeer-load. Skilfully and conscientiously the women judged the weight of the bundles, one on each hand. If a reindeer’s packs are uneven it walks badly, soon gets tired and can cause a lot of bother on the journey.

The men gathered the bucks, put on their halters and bridles and tied them together, three or four at a time, in

what is called a *raide*.¹ Then the leader, the first buck of the *raide*, was saddled. A girl laid a skin on its back (Fig. 10) and on top of that the pack-saddle, made of two curved planks of birchwood (Fig. 14). One plank had a hole at the top and was called the "she-saddle," the other ended in a projection and was called the "he-saddle." This projection of the he-saddle was fitted into the hole in the she-saddle, so that the two boards were firmly fixed together. The whole saddle was then buckled on with a belly-band and secured round the chest and hind quarters by front and back girths.

When the packs were ready, women tied them to the ends of the saddle and made them fast with cords to the front and back girths (Fig. 12). If the loads on both sides of the animal did not seem to balance properly, some small object, such as a milk-can, a pot or a dog's feeding-dish, was added to the lighter side as counterpoise.

While some people were loading the bucks, others quickly took the tents to pieces (Fig. 11). As at a word of command the sides of a tent and the long poles fell to the ground. From this moment until such time as they could once more put up their tents somewhere in the wilds all these people were delivered up without protection to the caprices of the weather. What a feeling of security these few cloths and poles gave them !

The poles were tied together and fastened to both sides of the "hut-buck." They trailed out far behind, so that the hut-buck had necessarily to bring up the rear. Specially tame animals were chosen for this job, animals which were not afraid of dogs or goats. Otherwise the poles might be damaged.

Our baggage, too, was buckled in like manner on the backs of four beasts, and at last everyone stood ready to start (Fig. 16).

A last look was taken at the ground where but a short time

¹ The word *raide* is used both for the pack animals tied together and for a whole *sida* on the march, people, pack animals, dogs and goats.



Fig. 23. A view in Lapland, such as everyone imagines who hankers after the north : ice, snow, silent lakes and distant mountains.



Fig. 24. A Lapp camp in winter, drawn by Mikkel Utsi : smoking tents, the scanty birch bushes and the Lapp sledges tied up. A woman with a pot in her hand is going towards her hut and a Lapp on skis is approaching the grazing herd.



Fig. 25. The camp at the Tschåkasjaure. Our tent and the Lapp tent, surrounded by reindeer. In the distance, crowning the scene, rise the snowy summits of the mountains.

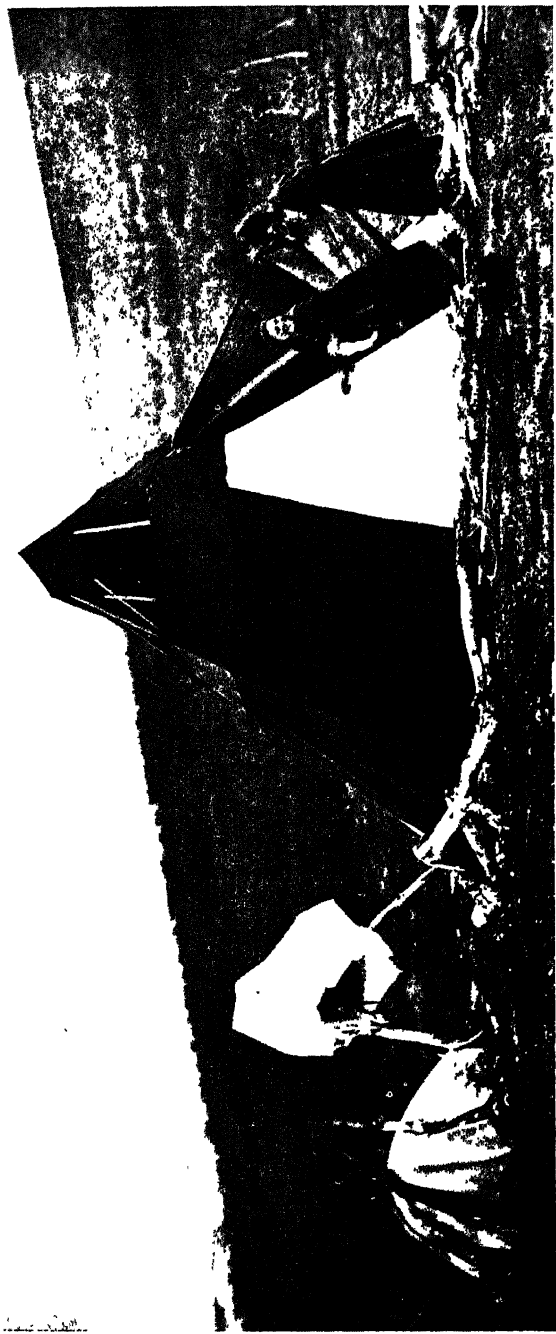


Fig. 26. Tent of the Jokkmokk Lapps. The smoke-hole is partly covered by a piece of sacking. The door, made of tent cloth stretched on a wooden framework, is just being opened. Beside the tent lie the household belongings, protected from the rain with canvas.

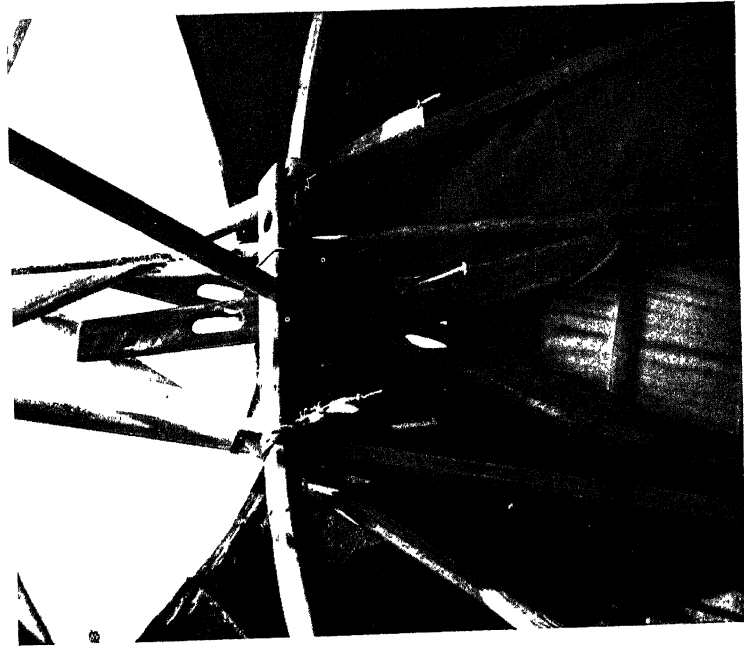


Fig. 27. The inside of a tent, looking towards the smoke-hole and showing the disposition of the tent-poles and the construction of the door.

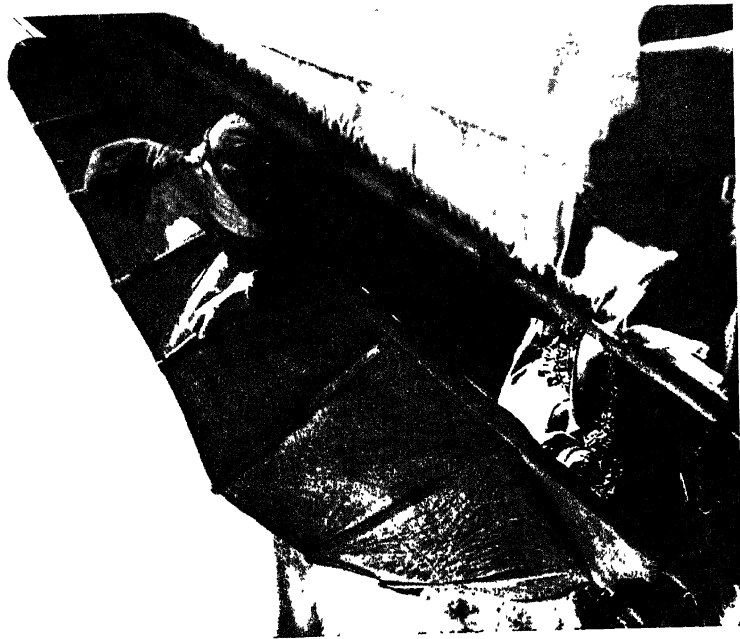


Fig. 28. Ellen looking out of the door to see if we are not coming soon.



Fig. 29. The coffee-pot stands in the fire which Marja is trying, with full cheeks, to bring to a blaze.



Fig. 30. No sooner have we reached our new camping ground than Mrs. Airo produces from skin bags, bundles and boxes the necessities for the first meal.

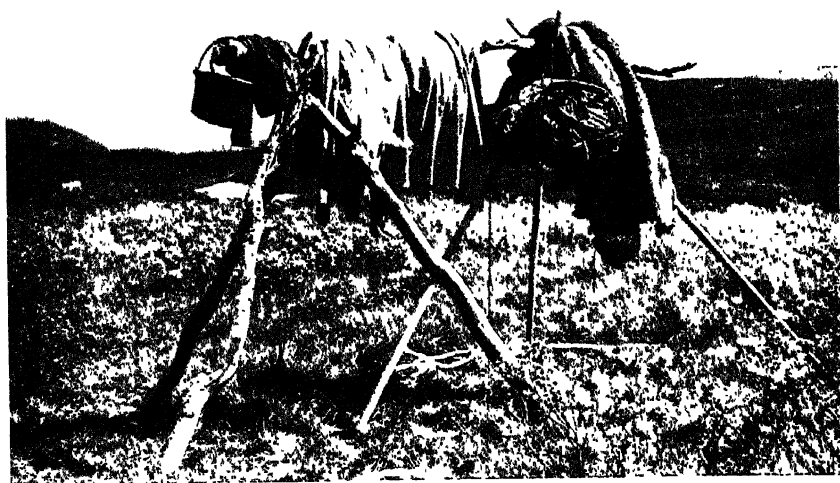


Fig. 31. Whatever is not needed in the tent is hung on the "påkka" outside.

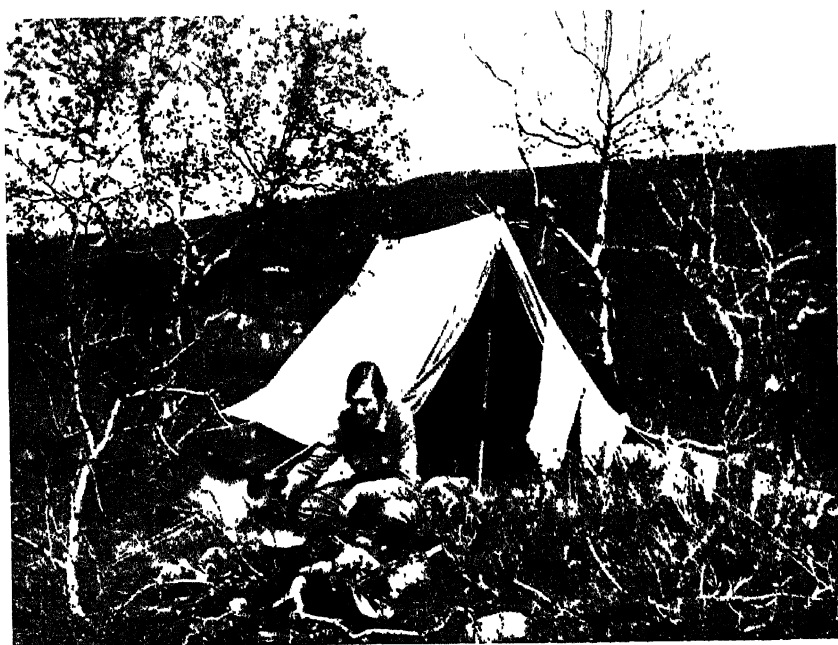


Fig. 32. The Bernatziks' camp. In Lapp fashion Frau Bernatzik has put the sooty pot in the fire and hung up the wet clothes to dry.

ago the village had stood—in part to take leave of it, in part to make sure that nothing had been forgotten. Only the fireplaces and the brushwood which had covered the floors of the huts remained ; everything else had gone.

We moved off southwards along the Kisurijokk which, because of the spate, could only be forded some three and a half miles up stream.

The packs had been distributed among two or three *raides*. The head of the family marched in front with the leader, followed by his lady with her four bucks bound together, and the other occupants of the hut. At first Sunna Tuolja led our animals on a bridle. She would only let us take them over when they had got into their stride.

So we advanced, one behind another, in a long line of men and reindeer. The goats ran alongside in groups (Fig. 17). The lively black dogs, which looked like large Pomeranians, often dashed away barking to chase a ptarmigan or a lemming, but always turned back at once at their master's call.

In one *raide* a small child was being carried. It lay in its birchwood cradle, hanging from the side of the " children's buck," which its mother led. The infant cried miserably and only calmed down when the mother took it out and, after carefully tying half the counterpoise alongside the cradle, put it to her breast.

Blue sky arched over our procession and the sun transformed the austere landscape into a pleasant idyll. Joy at the good start we had made was mirrored in every face, for the Lapps believe that as the first day's trek is, so will the whole of the summer wandering be.

Were these the hardships and perils of Lapp life about which I had heard so much ?

Sunna soon shattered my illusions. She described their wanderings when the snowstorms sweep across the bleak mountains, when the frost sets the children shivering and their mothers, drenched and chattering with cold, have no means of warming them. As long as the little ones are in

their cradles they can keep snug between the soft skins. But when they are older they have to ride on the reindeer and are exposed on all sides to the merciless weather. Often a child is frozen so stiff that it can no longer hold itself in the saddle and one of the men must carry it. When a child has grown too heavy to ride on a pack animal it has to run alongside. The period of snowstorms is thus a cruel time for children and parents, and it not infrequently happens that children and old people die of exhaustion. One may then see among the *raide* a deer carrying a piece of white linen on its antlers ; it is drawing a small sledge behind it, the death sledge which bears the corpse to the church-village.

* * * *

At length we have reached the ford. The wide river-bed lies sheer beneath us and the rapids sparkle brilliantly in the sun (Fig. 18). The man who is leading the most reliable pack animal goes on ahead. The current races along, the water in some places covers his hips and he must strain every muscle not to be carried away. In one hand he holds the halter of the leader, in the other a long alpenstock with which he cautiously tests the bed. He avoids the spinning whirlpools and swings himself from one stone to another, supporting himself on his stick in the shallow parts (Fig. 20).

Women and girls now hand over their reindeer to the men, who lead one *raide* after another across. Shouts ring out the whole time from one bank to the other and with a loud "Tjo-o-Hollo" the men drive their pack animals forward. The water just touches the packs. In deep places the current drags the animals along with it and great strength and presence of mind are needed to rescue them from the flood and escort them to a shallower spot. The hut-bucks in particular find it difficult to keep on their feet, for the pressure of water against the long tent-poles increases the danger in an alarming fashion.

All at once a tumult breaks out in mid-stream and the shouts swell to a wild roar. A deer has fallen and the packs

are coming off its back and being carried away by the current. Two young men leap nimbly down-stream with the help of their long sticks, overtake the drifting bundles and carry them on their backs to the shore.

These young fellows arouse our admiration. No sooner have they reached the other bank with the heavy burdens than they jump in again, lift a woman or girl who is afraid of the water on their backs, and wade across once more.

The goats give a lot of trouble. They butt, they stubbornly refuse to budge, and when at last they are forcibly compelled to follow the reindeer they are continually carried away by the current.

Some of the young dogs stand whining on the bank and gaze longingly after their companions who have reached the other side and are now shaking the water from their backs with evident relief. Eventually one of the young men takes pity on them and carries them across.

Erik Knoljokk is especially busy. Kristina Airo is the third girl he carries through the torrent, while she pulls goats and dogs after her (Fig. 22). She is a strong, dark-eyed girl, and I have a shrewd suspicion that it is not so much fear that keeps her from wading through the water as the pleasant prospect of being carried over all obstacles by Erik's stout young arms.

Lars, less gallant than Erik, contents himself with lending the rather delicate Ellen his alpenstock. Despite his advice to go slowly and lean hard on the long stick, we observe that she hurries rashly towards the deep places. If you hurry you cannot hold fast and so it comes about that she stumbles and falls headlong into the icy glacier water. Before the current can snatch her away Lars is at her side and lands her neatly on a small island from which she can reach the bank without further assistance.

Each of the young men crosses the river five or six times. What that means we can only realise when we ourselves have landed on the other side.

It took a good hour before we were all assembled at last on the opposite bank and sat down—for another rest and coffee, of course. But where were we to find wood for a fire in this treeless and barren spot? The nomads were promptly equal to the situation. A young man pulled out from under his *kolte* some birch bark, which burnt like pitch, dug up roots of berry bushes, and it was not long before a small flame was cheerfully blazing up. Everybody took off his shoes, emptied the water from them, unrolled his wet leather gaiters and warmed his feet at the open fire (Fig. 21).

The coffee was soon boiling and, while voices still called across the water and a goat or a dog still wrestled with the current, we warmed our benumbed limbs.

Sunna Tuolja sat beside us at the fire. She was not going to let us run away with the idea that every river was so "easy" to cross as this one. She knew a river, she told us, in which the herd of a whole *sida* once perished. The torrent was so swift and it carried such heavy blocks of ice with it, that it bore the animals away and dashed them to pieces like helpless bundles over a steep precipice. Only a small part of the herd survived and the owner found himself in the space of a few hours a poor man. "His children grew rich again," she added by way of consolation. "Their father had worked honourably all his life and always been an upright man, and from men like that the blessing descends upon their children."

The sun was hot and dried our sopping clothes. The Lapps filled their shoes with dry hay. Soon men and women were running about smartly, saddling and loading their pack animals, and one *raide* after another got under way again. The long trail of men and beasts seemed to blend with the landscape.

In this way the Lapps wander year after year, having their home everywhere, at whatever spot among the mountains and forests, the lakes and rivers they happen to pitch their tents. To the west and north the country is surrounded by

craggy mountains rising out of the Arctic Ocean, which thrusts narrow fjords inland. Foaming mountain streams plunge over these rocky walls in countless waterfalls. Where the fjords end narrow valleys wind their way up into the country. Torrents roar through them, opening out into chains of lakes. From here almost unrecognisable paths climb upwards into the mountains. They are the tracks along which the Lapps have wandered from time immemorial. Higher and higher they mount until they reach the fragrant uplands, sown with delicate flowers, across which we now wandered.

Here grow the tastiest lichens for the reindeer, here they can cool themselves in the fresh, spicy air and rest from the tormenting gnats and flies that infest the valleys. Now and again the shrill laugh of the ptarmigan breaks the stillness. In little hollows the snowy owl builds its nest.

As far as the eye can see the moors are shut in by the folds of the mountains, which melt into the sky in the blue haze of the distance. On the other side of the watershed the valleys open out. To the east flow great rivers ; little by little the mountains lose their height and give place to hills, and on the shores of lakes and streams pale birch-woods grow. Then, below the region of mountains and birches, dark fir-woods spread over the whole country. This is the remote winter land of the Lapps, which shelters them and their reindeer through the long winter night from the pitiless cold and the snowstorms.

On and on our *raide* advanced. It was slow work making our way across the slopes, waterlogged as they were from the melting snow, and again and again we had to cross rivers and lakes (Fig. 19).

I marvelled to see how naturally the Lapps found their way. I had not been able to detect the slightest hint of a path in the short grass. One hill looked exactly like another, the lakes at our feet and the glistening, snow-clad mountains in the distance were all indistinguishably similar. But not to

the eyes of the Lapps. For them there was not a mountain over whose slopes they had not driven their herds, not a valley in which they had not camped at some time or other. Here was a place where they had once encountered a strange *sida* ; there, beside that large stone, hazel-hens nested ; and there was the spot where father fought with the big bear and beat the ferocious monster.

The whole of this country is peopled, in the imagination of the Lapps, by the *uldas*, the dwellers underground, who live in certain mountains and lakes and beneath the earth. They have human shape and own dogs and reindeer. Sometimes you may hear them talking and calling, hear the bells of their herds and the barking of their dogs. Few people have ever seen them, and those only such as have black hair and are honest and know how to speak fair, for such people are beloved of the *uldas*. To others they are not well disposed, and these must beware of camping where the underground people dwell or they will raise such a din in the night that the mortals cannot sleep. They appear to them in their dreams and show their displeasure that anyone should have dared to disturb them. And there will be discord among the members of the *sida* until they move to some other place.

There are giants who live in huge boulders, and there is Stallo, the chief spirit, who seeks the lives of mortals. There are sorcerers guarding hidden treasure in places which are recognisable by small flames that suddenly flare up in the wild. Only he who has no fear of evil spirits, or even of the devil himself, can succeed in lifting it. And there are the myriad faces and phantoms that have appeared to many a wandering Lapp on his lonely way.

In field and forest, in mountain ravines and caves, and by fishing waters there stand to this day isolated stone altars, sacrificial shrines and ancient images of the gods hewn in stone and wood. In them dwell good spirits who have power over wind and weather, luck in fishing and the welfare of the reindeer herds. Most of these old monuments were

destroyed when Christianity entered the land of the Lapps. But the memory of the old faith has not been extinguished even in the course of centuries, and the most faithful Christian among the Lapps will not pass various great boulders of weird shape or certain stones that lie in peculiar formation on the bare earth or rotting carved wooden figures without leaving behind unobserved some offering. One never can tell . . . !

Thus the bleak and desolate wilds (Fig. 23) in which nothing seems to live are populated by the fabulous beings of this nomad people's imagination. They pray to the Christian God in their churches, they let themselves be baptised and they accept the commandments of the Christian Church. But the old faith lives on in thunder and lightning and the other natural forces to whose power man is still exposed.

The sun had of a sudden disappeared. We had not noticed that an enormous bank of clouds had gathered threateningly in the sky at our backs. All at once it became quite uncannily dark. Gusts of icy wind swept howling down upon us and sent cold shivers down our spines. Flashes of lightning darted and seemed to snatch at us like fiery tongues. Thunder rolled on towards us and away over our heads. Its rumble sounded strangely near, as though it came out of the earth instead of down from the clouds. Silently, thoughtfully, the Lapps strode on ; the gay laughter of the girls seemed to have frozen stiff. The sunny heathland had been suddenly transformed into a ghostly realm of shadows, mossy stones assumed sinister shapes, and I understood how *uldas*, trolls and all the other forms of phantasy arise in a people's imagination.

CHAPTER VI

REINDEER-KEEPING

THE thunder had died away in the distance and the Lapps awoke to new life. They shouted merrily to one another. The oppressive sultriness and the anxious silence were blown away. We, too, recovered our desire to chat and started asking questions. Where was the herd? Who was leading it? Had it gone the same way that we were going? Was it moving quickly or slowly, of its own accord or driven?

Perhaps it will never be fully explained why the reindeer wander. Certain it is that they cannot bear the heat of the valleys, and therefore when the weather begins to grow warm they make for the mountains, where as a matter of fact the difficulties of finding food are often much greater.

The reindeer herds wander at some little distance away from the *sida* and there are various ways of leading them.

Sometimes the herdsman lassoes a leader, which the herd then follows. Sometimes a bell is tied round the leader's neck so that the rest follow the sound. There are also reindeer which will only follow a man, who in this case goes before them and leads the way.

A herd is followed by herdsmen with their dogs. It is very important that the dogs shall be well trained, for if they go hunting and do not instantly obey their masters' orders, or if they come too near the herd, the reindeer grow restless and start running and groups of them break away from the herd. The herdsmen then send the dogs after them to drive them back. If the dogs do not succeed, the men themselves must go after the animals that have bolted and it is often a



Fig. 33. Ellen has rolled out the dough of flour and water and is poking little holes in it with a knife so that the "bread" shall be thoroughly baked.



Fig. 34. The round cakes are being turned. They are baked for two or three minutes in a hot fire, then left to dry in warm ashes. When fresh this "bread" tastes good, but later on it becomes soft and insipid and reminds one of our children's first attempts at cooking in the nursery.



Fig. 35. The Nomad Lapps take herds of goats with them, because the reindeer hinds are too difficult to milk.



Fig. 36. Ellen sits in front of the hut and twists reindeer sinews into strong thread.



Fig. 37. Marja Knoljokk plaits a coloured woollen ribbon, which the Lapps use to tie their shoes.

matter of days before they can bring them back to the right path.

In spring, when the reindeer hinds are in fawn, they must not be chased about like the bucks and young animals. They are separated and the herd goes on in two parts.

Calving time falls in May and is a period of toil and anxiety for the Lapps. The hinds must be watched without intermission because they are always trying to run away. A pregnant hind will often actually run away on to a mountain, although its new-born fawn will freeze to death there at once. Many hinds therefore have to be tied up till they have calved, or they will run from one end of the herd to the other and the herdsmen have to drive them back again and again from all sides as they try to escape. The Lapps maintain that the pregnant hinds are restless because the unborn fawns kick so hard.

When all the hinds have calved times are easier for the Lapps, although the young fawns occasion much anxiety. Their death rate is comparatively high. They often freeze to death when a late spring snowstorm sets in, and they are apt to fall into water-holes, ravines and rivers. But wolves, bears, foxes and eagles also prey on the herd.

For this reason the choice of a favourable calving-place is of great importance, and the Lapps usually choose well-tryed spots. It is not till the fawns are all dropped that the wandering goes on.

A fully grown reindeer easily finds its food, even under the snow. The Lapps assert that it can scent reindeer lichen through a layer of snow a yard deep. It digs up the snow with its fore-hoofs and then proceeds to use its muzzle. As long as the snow is soft and loose the animals are able to dig down as much as a yard and a half to reach food, but when the snow is frozen so hard that they cannot dig it away, they have to eat whatever they may find—lichen from stones and tree trunks, moss, and even the twigs of berry bushes. This sort of fodder, however, gives them no strength, and many

reindeer die when the snow is crusted for too long. The Lapps say, "An exhausted reindeer does not hear the cuckoo call, but dies before spring comes." When conditions are very bad because of the weather, the Lapps are often obliged to fell trees so that the animals can feed on the bark and lichens of the trunks.

Under-nourished hinds bring dead or weakly fawns into the world and the power of resisting disease disappears. But it is not only hunger to which the animals succumb. They often scatter, as though seized by panic, and get lost or fall a prey to wild beasts. Then there are bad years, in which even the largest herds are almost exterminated and wealthy Lapps lose their entire property.

The commonest illness among the reindeer is foot and mouth disease. The Lapps distinguish two forms of it. The one is not dangerous, the other absolutely fatal. When this disease breaks out the herd is let loose and they avoid driving it together, so that the animals shall not infect one another. An uncanny disorder is that known as 'Gid': the reindeer turns round and round unceasingly and displays symptoms of cerebral irritation. It is also quite common for the animals to go blind from eye diseases. Then there is cerebro-spinal fever: the neck of the sick animal suddenly becomes stiff and bends backwards and it cannot stand on its legs. It dies of starvation through being unable to eat.

When the Lapps notice the first signs of any fatal disease they slaughter the animal at once, while the flesh and skin can still be used.

Even if the pasturing conditions are good and no diseases break out, a herd is exposed to dangers enough. In winter the wolves inflict great damage. A pack of these blood-thirsty robbers will fall on the herd by night. No one can foresee when they are going to come, it is a genuine surprise attack. First of all they scatter the frightened herd, so that the powerful bucks are not in a position to protect the hinds and fawns. They then pursue them one by one, and only

when they are some distance from the herd do they seize their prey. The wolf has an easy time of it when the snow is slightly crusted and the reindeer, but not the wolf, sinks into it. Like a shot it overtakes its victim, pounces on it and fixes its teeth in the legs and haunches. A large reindeer in flight can drag the wolf with it for a long time, till it finally tires out. The crafty robber then springs forward and tries to bite through the throat of its victim. A strong buck will defend itself and fight till it sinks dead to the ground. In this way as many as fifty reindeer can fall to the wolves in a single night.

The Lapps believe that the wolf has two canines, the "budding tooth" and the "fire tooth." If it tears and kills a Lapp's reindeer with the "budding tooth," the man's herd will multiply ; if it kills them with the "fire tooth," the herd will be ruined.

Another sinister robber is the glutton. It is bigger and stronger than the marten, otter and weasel, and has an elongated body, short legs and flexible movements. It cannot indeed overtake a reindeer in flight, but when the snow is deep it sneaks up silently, jumps on its back and bites it in the neck. In the forests it crouches hidden in the trees and suddenly leaps down on a reindeer, which is helplessly at its mercy. Especially when the herd has dug itself into deep snow to look for food does the glutton succeed in killing many animals in a single night. And only the grey light of morning reveals the tragedy to the herdsman, who now sees his charges lying dead in great pools of blood.

The largest and most powerful robber is the bear. "He has the understanding of a man and the strength of nine men," the Lapps say. He is not afraid of a host of men, but only runs away from brothers, because he knows that a brother's life is not less dear to a man than his own and that a man will never leave his brother in the lurch. They also believe that the bear has a conscience and can find no rest during his winter sleep if he has killed a man, for the

uldas will cease to look after him and feed him while he sleeps.

The fact, too, that the bear can walk on two legs, thus leaving prints like those of human feet, has led the Lapps to regard it as a sacred and omniscient animal. This reverence for bears is a relic of ancient pagan customs, dating from a time when the Lapps were still hunters. They retained many customs and ceremonies right down into the days of Christianity, and bear feasts were occasions of rejoicing for young and old.

To ensure success on a bear hunt men had to prepare themselves properly. The hunters set out in a prescribed order, clad in their best clothes and all their finery, and they must never call the bear by his name. Once they had brought him down they tried to persuade him that some stranger had done it, for the bear would wreak terrible vengeance on his captors at the next hunt.

They thanked the dead bear solemnly for sparing the hunters and sang a pæan of joy. Meanwhile everything had to be made ready in the huts for his ceremonial reception. The dead bear was left lying where he fell and the men returned home singing. When the women heard the chant of the returning hunters, they decked themselves out with silver and brass, sucked alder bark till their spittle was red, painted their faces with it and welcomed the men with ritual hymns.

The hunters might not enter the tent by the ordinary door, but had to lift the tent cloth on the opposite side and go in that way. The women took the men's caps off, spat chewed alder bark on them and on the dogs, arrayed them in brass rings and chains, and only looked at them through brass rings. (The shining yellow brass was held to have a mysterious virtue which protected them against the supernatural powers of the bear.) Not until the following day, when the hunters had rested, was the bear brought into the camp, where it was solemnly received in similar fashion.

Bear's meat is to this day a much prized delicacy. Formerly many rites had to be observed at the meal. All the bones must remain intact. As soon as the flesh was eaten a large hole was dug at the spot where the bear had been killed and the complete skeleton was buried. They then filled in the grave and were convinced that the bear would now rise again and could be hunted once more.

CHAPTER VII

ON GUARD

INNUMERABLE dangers and foes beset the herds of the Lapps, and the herdsmen are often obliged to risk their lives for the sake of their animals. They are on front-line service, so to speak.

There are several ways of watching over a herd. The easiest for the Lapps and the best for the animals is to let them go free. It is only possible, however, where natural obstacles surround the grazing-place, and that is seldom the case. If the herdsman and his herd stay in the plain or in the fir-woods, as is usually done in spring or autumn, he keeps them together during the day but leaves them unguarded at night, since at this time of year the nights are so dark that the reindeer do not wander away by themselves.

The most toilsome and difficult moments are when the herd has to be watched day and night. This is necessary when they are being collected for a muster, or before they start for new pastures, or when the melting snow cakes into ice. At these times the reindeer cannot find food, grow restless and finally break away and no power on earth can stop them. Again, when packs of ravenous wolves infest the neighbourhood, the herdsman must stay with his herd day and night.

The worst enemy of the "front-line soldier" is the wet. To stand or walk in endless puddles of water at the season when the snow melts, in clothes which hang heavy and damp on the freezing body, is sheer torture. Often not even a fire can be lit to warm oneself and make coffee, the thing which

above all others the Lapp can least do without. When it is cold and there are snowstorms, there is nothing to be done but to take refuge in the forest or find a spot that is sheltered from the wind or dig oneself into the snow with the dogs. Many a reindeer keeper has had to fight for his life and many a one has lost the fight. At such times he is worried about his dog, on whose help he is dependent, and the poor creatures are frequently too exhausted to hunt or even bark.

But a herdsman on guard has also his happy hours of contemplation. When in summer the midnight sun bathes the wide plateaus in light, and the blue-throat sings in the early morning, when the hazel-hen rises from the bush loudly flapping its wings, the ptarmigan tends its young with noisy cries and the heath-cock mates, then it is glorious to be a herdsman.

Even more beautiful does it seem to him in autumn, when the moon shines over the dark landscape and the snowy peaks glisten. The herdsman listens with a deep sense of well-being to the placid grazing of the animals, the grunting and lip-smacking of the young fawns, and his greatest happiness is the feeling that his herd is safe.

In the still, dark winter nights, again, the stars twinkle brightly, shooting stars fall to the earth and the aurora borealis, which the Lapps believe to be a mirage of the sea, blazes in the sky. Sometimes these northern lights are so brilliant that they illuminate the whole night. Often they creep along the horizon as narrow streamers or move slowly across the entire firmament towards the south. At other times they shoot upwards as flames which set the heavens ablaze in a pageant of colour.

The Lapps know the signs of the sky exactly and can forecast the weather, on which the weal or woe of the reindeer depends. If the northern lights are strong, snow and storms are expected. If they straggle across the sky from the southwest, a south-westerly wind will blow up. If they shine on the northern horizon, there will be a cold spell.

If glaring red clouds stand on the horizon in the early morning in late autumn, the Lapp watches closely which way they are moving. If they sink down as the day draws on, they indicate a snowstorm. If they climb upwards and slowly scatter over the sky, settled fine weather is to be expected. Sheet-lightning in winter means a fall of snow or a rise in temperature. If the thunder rolls towards the north-west till it dies away quietly on the horizon, there will soon be a north-westerly wind.

Mist has its meaning too. If banks of mist rise and hang over the lakes and rivers during the early morning, they will turn to clouds in the course of the day and bring rain. If the mist vanishes in the valleys, there is certain to be fine weather. When, after a long period of bad weather, there is at last a bright morning, it is also a sure sign of improvement. But if it clears up suddenly in the evening, this is a deceptive sign which the Lapps call "whores' fine weather"—it only lasts for as long as these ladies go out on their adventures in the towns. Next morning will be dull and the bad weather will be back again.

To the Lapps the sky is both barometer and clock. Nowadays, it is true, most Lapps carry a watch in their pockets. But often enough the herdsman out in the wilds has to do without one. He knows the sun's course in every part of his country and on every day of the year, and even its palest glimmer in the long winter night. He knows the position and paths of the stars so exactly that one glance at the sky suffices to tell him how late it is. If the sky is overcast he goes by his stomach, for his hunger is as reliable as clock-work. He can also judge the passage of time by watching his peacefully grazing herd. A herd rests two hours to chew the cud, and it usually grazes for three or four hours if conditions are favourable.

Nothing escapes a good herdsman. There are many who dream the time away or fall asleep when they are tired and hungry before others come to relieve them of their posts.



Fig. 38. The fair and ever merry Marja Knoljokk in her working kolte.



Fig. 39. Sunna Tuoljja leads the leader buck across the lake. The herd follows it. Her cap is covered with gnats.



Fig. 40. Pack animals swimming across the lake.



Fig. 41. The reindeer plunge into the water after their leader to cross the lake. On the left among the herd is one of the large breeding bucks.



Fig. 42. Soon there is nothing to be seen but the dark line of reindeer backs out in the lake.



Fig. 43. The Lapps with their dogs stand on the bank and watch the swimming herd.



Fig. 44. The *sida's* baggage is transferred to boats and the pack animals are tied on astern.

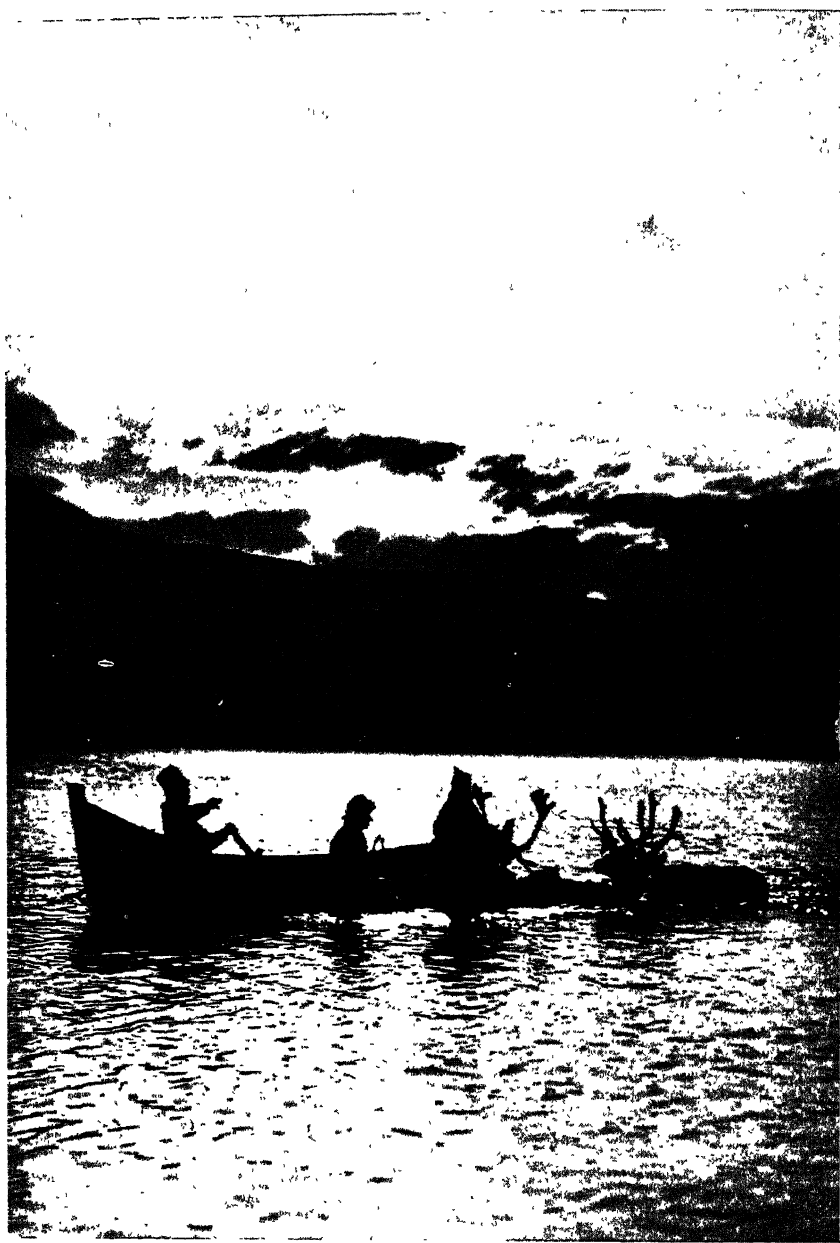


Fig. 45. We row across the lake by the light of the midnight sun. The pack animals, freed of their burdens, swim behind.

But a bad herdsman feels the consequences of his negligence in his own body, because he must exert himself twice as much to collect his scattered reindeer and sometimes he never finds them again. Any misfortune that overtakes the herd by which he and his family live hits him hard.

CHAPTER VIII

CAMP LIFE AMONG THE JOKKMOKK LAPPS

ANOTHER day of wandering is drawing to its close as we at last reach the spot where we are to camp for some time. We stand on a hill and before us lies the Tschâkasjaure. Sunna Tuolja points down to its shores and says, "There, where the little tongue of land juts out into the lake, is where we're going to camp. It is marshy, but we have to stay near the shore to be able to fish."

Ivar Tuolja stands beside his wife and surveys the ground critically. He says nothing, but his silence denotes agreement. He is a shrewd man and has no use for talkativeness in the presence of women.

We are also well pleased with the camping ground. Once again it is a delightful place where we are going to stay. Delicate veils of mist lift to reveal endless gentle hills and dazzling lakes, and in the distance, crowning the landscape, the snowy summits of the mountains. It is the picture of Lapland that everyone who hankers after the north has painted for himself, a vista so extraordinary because it fills one with the sensation of standing on some lofty peak that overtops all else. Whether you are on the move or enjoying a rest, whether you are down in the valley or striding along the backs of the mountains, everywhere you feel the same sensation of being raised aloft, the sensation of freedom and calm.

The dark line of our caravan zigzags down the hillside. Two streams remain to be crossed, then the whole *raide* comes to a standstill. As though at a word of command all the

Lapps begin to unsaddle the pack animals, which immediately set about grazing.

My wife tries to undo the straps of our reindeer, but Sunna runs up and shoves her aside energetically.

"You can't do it," she says scornfully and sets to work. "Here, catch hold and hang on till I tell you to let go."

It is curious to watch these two women side by side, coming from different worlds yet linked together by a common life and the same cares. The one tall and blonde, helpless as a child before the powerful reindeer. The other, a tanned and dark-haired nomad, who hardly reaches to her shoulder but is visibly conscious of her superiority. Small as she is, she gives her orders decisively and they are immediately carried out. She is a born commander, is little Sunna Tuolja ! In a few seconds the animal is freed of its burden.

The Lapps now set up their tents and for the first time we see how a Lapp tent is put together. First, four poles are raised aloft and their curved ends fastened together. Then they fix the side poles, two door poles, the pot pole and some supporting poles in their proper positions. The two triangular tent cloths are slung round the poles and tied tight. As the rain is beginning to come down, they close a part of the smoke-hole with a piece of coarse sacking and finally cover the entrance with the hanging door (Fig. 26).

Several girls run out to fetch fuel. But the place is badly off for it. Not even isolated trees grow hereabouts, as they did at the Kâtjasjaure ; there are only short dwarf birches, whose skinny trunks crawl along the ground. These are gathered and bundles of juniper brushwood, which burns excellently even when wet. Other girls fetch more brushwood to cover the floor of the huts and in a few minutes they are ready. The first to disappear into them are a number of women who must attend to their children. Others are still busy taking the most necessary objects out of the bundles (Fig. 30). The men look after the pack animals.

Everyone is fit to collapse with fatigue after the long

journey. One can see it in their weary faces. But, summoning up their last ounce of strength, they finish their various jobs.

We pitch our tent, too, some hundred yards from the camp. To avoid the worst of the swamp we have chosen a little rise as our ground (Fig. 25). All our baggage is, as usual, wet through. We creep into the damp sleeping-bags, which lie on the wet air-mattresses, and, notwithstanding the wet and the black coffee which we have hastily drunk in one of the huts, we sleep the whole light night through as we have not slept for a long time.

By noon next day, when we pay a visit to the Lapps' camp, all the tents are arranged in the most comfortable fashion. Ellen looks out of the door (Fig. 28) to see where we have been all this time. We slip quickly through the open door into the Tuoljas' tent and are happy to find a hospitable fire and warm reindeer skins. It is still raining and it has turned cold overnight. Now at last our wet clothes can dry on us in the grateful warmth.

The big copper pot is steaming on its sooty chain over the fire. The juniper twigs crackle and smell delicious. The smoke rolls round the tent in thick coils before escaping into the open air through the much diminished hole (Fig. 27). The reindeer skins are already spread out on the scented birchwood. From the door to the fireplace lie two logs of wood, enclosing the space where shoes must be wiped. On the hooks of the tent poles hang pieces of meat, the milk-can and other household belongings. Old and beautifully painted wooden vessels, together with small chests of food, clothing and utensils, adorn the *passjo* opposite the entrance.

Beside every tent stands what is called a *fakkas*, on which everything is hung that is not absolutely needed in the tent itself (Fig. 31). Skins, saddles and straps, bags of goatskin for sundry foods, milk-cans, fishing-nets and lines, and large bales containing birch-bark are stacked here.

The goats graze between the tents. Two small turf huts,

built years ago when the *sida* camped here, serve them as stables, on whose roofs they love to climb.

Ellen is sitting beside the entrance to the hut with a bundle of reindeer sinews in her hand, beginning to make sinew yarn. She separates the fibres with her teeth (Fig. 36), moistens them with her lips and rolls them with the palm of her hand on her thigh or cheek. She then spins them together two at a time and rolls the resulting thread into a ball. To make specially tough yarn for sewing shoes or tent cloths two of these threads are twisted together. This produces a sewing material more durable than the best of our manufactured goods.

In the hut there is a bustle of activity. The flat cakes of unleavened bread with holes in them are being baked (Figs. 33, 34) and stowed away in the bread bin. They keep longer than the winter bread, but are much less appetising.

Keira Keirason and Lars Spik come in with their dogs. They have been with the herd day and night on the way, and are soaked and worn out and only too glad to slip into the warm hut. They change their clothes, spread the wet hay from their shoes on the stone circle of the fireplace to dry and stretch themselves on the skins.

Sunna makes them a good blood soup. She pokes the fire and lengthens the chain of the big pot till it hangs right in the flames. She takes some dried reindeer blood from a tin, stirs it into boiling water and adds a little salt and a lot of reindeer fat. The two young men set to with a will, while the other occupants of the tent look on and ask after the herd.

Yes, it was a devil of a business leading the herd in this foul weather ! It must arrive soon now and be driven across the Tschâkasjaure. The mountain on the other side is hedged in by broad rivers, so that they cannot stray there, and can graze in peace.

Keira asks for some reindeer meat and some bread, and gives Lars part of it. The two of them now have to nibble and chew for a long time. Reindeer meat is almost un-

imaginably hard when it has been dried in the air, slightly smoked and then carried about for months in the meat-box.

The dogs, as hungry and tired as their masters, also receive a warm dish of blood and flour. Keira throws them a few bits of meat as well. There is an uproarious fight for the prize. Where the dogs, fagged out as they are, get the strength for it is inexplicable. Sunna pounces on them, tears the combatants apart with a flow of hearty abuse and sends them to their places. There they roll together, groan once or twice and immediately fall asleep. Even asleep they twitch and bark, dreaming no doubt that they are still running along behind the reindeer or else chasing a ptarmigan which is mocking them with its cackling.

The Lapps are convinced that some dogs understand human speech, just as once upon a time men understood the speech of animals. At that time, so an old story tells, the dog, which was then wild, came to the Lapps and begged them to take it into their service, because it was finding the search for sustenance in the wilds too difficult and often had to starve. The Lapps were glad to find a helper for their work. They had already tried to train a young wolf cub to drive reindeer, but when it grew up it fell upon the reindeer and killed them. They also tried to train a young otter, but it paid no heed to the reindeer and instead splashed about in every pool of water. The dog promised to take good care of the herd and only demanded for its services plenty to eat and good treatment. And one thing more : when it grew too old for work, the Lapps must hang it and not kill it in any other way. The Lapps keep their promise to this day, and when a dog is about eight years old and cannot follow the swift reindeer any more they hang it with a cord on a tree so that it shall not suffer for long. No one ever kills his own dog, but asks his friend to do it for him.

At the Last Judgment the dog appears before God as the first accuser, and its testimony, good or bad, is decisive for the salvation of its master's soul.

So Kairi, Jaffi, Tjöp, or whatever else the clever animals may be called, have nothing to complain of. There is not a single needy cur among them ; they are all well-housed gentlemen, the friends and not the slaves of the Lapps.

In the meantime, Sunna has placed the coffee-pot in the fire. She now pours into the boiling water a few teaspoonfuls of ground coffee, which she keeps carefully in a little leather bag. From a similar bag she takes reindeer cheese, cuts some small pieces of it into the bowls and pours the black coffee over them. That is how it tastes best. Even the herdsmen wake to new life for a little while, but soon they take off their leather belts and disappear completely in their skin sleeping-bags.

The daily round goes on in the hut. People talk and make a noise and pay no attention to the sleepers. One or two men come in and earnestly discuss what has happened to the herd, when we shall strike camp and where the next camp is to be. All these questions, which concern not only the single families but the whole *sida*, are discussed in common by the men and some of the women of the *sida*. The women stand up for their opinions, but few with such confidence and knowledge of their own minds as Sunna Tuolja, who, be it added, has more to say within the family than her husband. In these conferences it is a matter of course that the voices of the elders, men like Nils Länta and old Airo, carry most weight and generally turn the scales. Altogether we observe that the old people, although they are a great trouble and hindrance on the laborious wanderings, are lovingly treated and highly respected.

* * * *

“ Hoja ! hoja ! get up ! The herd’s coming ! ” Sunna Tuolja rattles our tent. She has kept her promise and wakened us. It is 2 a.m. and the midnight sun is in the sky. A few minutes later we are outside, running through the swamp and over the stunted bushes after the huge herd. It is surging into the valley like an avalanche and is being

driven towards the shore of the lake amid the ear-splitting shouts of all the Lapps. The grey mass of huddled animals moves so swiftly that the drivers can only keep up by dint of the greatest exertions. A number of reindeer separate, then press tight together again ; several fawns stumble and fall ; a senseless panic takes hold of the animals.

At length they are all collected on the tongue of land which juts far out into the lake. A leading buck is tied to a boat. Three men step into it and push off from the land. The buck must swim after it for good or ill. The chain of beaters behind the herd redouble their shouts, the dogs bark with all their might and, splashing wildly, a section of the herd plunges after the leader into the churning water (Fig. 41). Soon there is nothing to be seen but narrow stripes—the backs of the swimming animals—and the great antlers which rise like a forest out of the water (Fig. 42).

The current of the lake near its outlet is strong and carries the herd with it. Insane terror overcomes some of the animals. They turn back and the greater part of the herd follow their example. In desperation the Lapps jump into the lake. Breast-deep they stand in the icy water, shouting and prodding with their long alpenstocks to prevent the animals coming ashore. One or two break through the cordon, their eyes staring wide open with fear, and make a dash for the swamp. The rest let themselves be headed back, struggle again against the current and make the other side. Some of the fawns are carried away and the anxious gaze of their owners follows the helpless young things. But they, too, fight their way eventually safe to shore and chase madly up the mountain side.

This thrilling spectacle is repeated again and again. The last time it is Sunna who rows across with a leader on a bridle. Not a single reindeer follows her. So she changes the leader for an older one with "more power" over the herd, tries again, and this time the herd follows.

In this way, bit by bit, the six thousand reindeer are

collected on the other shore. Those that have taken to flight are not pursued ; it is hoped that when they have calmed down they will follow the herd of their own accord. Only two little fawns have had to be caught and carried across in a boat.

The Lapps could breathe again. They stood on the shore and looked over the water at the herd (Fig. 43). The dogs had not yet calmed down and were wagging their tails with gusto. It had been great fun for them !

Only old Länta was quite beside himself. He told everybody off and was crustier than usual.

CHAPTER IX

SUNDAY REST

It was a peaceful Sunday in the lonely mountains of Lapland. When we woke and looked curiously across to the Lapp camp not a wisp of smoke was curling upward. The Lapps, too, love to sleep late on a Sunday.

We were hungry. My wife was so weak that she could scarcely stand. For a considerable time we had been obliged to live on Lapp food and, to say the least, we were not used to it. We thought of the proverb which everyone hears—and feels—in Lapland : “ No one wanders through the mountains of Lapland without hungering.”

Although a sunny morning tempted us to go into the open air, we lay down again. The millions of mosquitoes made it impossible even here in the mountains to stay out of doors. As long as it was raining one could do so, because they were forced down to the ground. But now they rose humming from the grass in dense swarms, settled by the hundred on the sides of our tent and descended on us in wild hordes whenever we showed our noses. No matter what we had to do outside, we could not leave the tent without veils and gloves. Washing in the lake was no joke, let alone bathing. Too much cleanliness only led inevitably to hundreds of bites !

When we looked over to the camp for the second time columns of smoke, as straight as candles, were going up from the huts. Several young men were walking slowly up and down, and talking.

They halted in front of a hut and began practising the long jump and racing each other. At the age of twenty

to thirty these men were as absorbed in their sport as children.

Two of them played *tablo*, the Lapp equivalent of halma. They drew square "boards" on the ground and cut a stick into equal bits. These were the men. One peeled the bark off his men, the other not, to distinguish the pieces of the two players. They then moved, jumped and took each other, till one of them had no men left.

Old Länta's daughter's children had also come out and were playing ball—with a real rubber ball, as I afterwards discovered. Before the Lapp parents could buy their children rubber balls in the church-village they made the balls themselves. They wound rags round a ball of sand and over that sewed a cover of chamois leather as tightly as possible.

The passion for ball games must have been very strong among the adults, too, if the little story is true which was told us. Once upon a time a preacher came to the north from Southern Lapland to preach the Word of God in the Lapp villages. When he came into a new camp he saw from afar that a crowd of Lapps were gathered in front of the tents playing ball. As soon as they saw the preacher coming they fled and hid behind bushes and hillocks. Only two old people stayed behind. He explained to them that there was nothing to fear, he was a messenger from God and brought them salvation. He called this out loudly to the others as well. But nobody came and he could not preach. He then went to the playground, picked up a ball and began to play. A boy who had hidden near by came up shyly and the priest threw the ball to him. Then came a second and, little by little, the grown-ups too, and they threw the ball from one to another, till finally the entire village had assembled. The preacher had now gathered his flock and could proclaim the Word of God to them. It is said that from that time on he often used this method with success.

While the young men were spending their time at sport, the women and girls were busy cooking. Occasionally one

of them would emerge from a tent to fetch water from a small stream or something from the storehouse.

When we saw the young men vanish into the tents, we got up, for now there was to be something to eat. Sunna had prepared a dish of liver and fried some fish in reindeer fat. Old Kerstin Länta, who had been invited in our honour, told us how well off the Lapps were nowadays because they could buy so many provisions in the church-village. In earlier times there was little flour and they baked bread of ground bark and lichens. Sugar and coffee were unknown luxuries. If one was thirsty one drank *sjomar*, grated reindeer cheese boiled in water, a potent brew ! The fat which rose when *sjomar* had been boiling for some time was used as ointment to heal chaps. Another favourite beverage was *duovlle*, a cancerous growth on the birches, which was collected in summer, dried in the smoke of the huts and ground like coffee. Birch sap also used to be drunk. Then the Swedes introduced coffee and that effected a revolution. They roasted it in a pan, as the Arabs do to this day, and ground the beans with a little stone hand-mill or put them in a leather bag and beat them small with a wooden clapper. Nowadays many Nomad Lapps buy tiny brass coffee mills, which the Swedish factories make especially for them. The more indolent of them, and they are the majority, buy it ready ground. "The Lapps drink far too much coffee these days," was old Kerstin Länta's opinion, and she was quite right.

Formerly they ate more green vegetables than to-day. The same nourishing and tasty plants still grow on the mountains and in the valleys, but it is too much trouble for the women to collect them ; they can buy butter and cheese and do without vegetables.

Old Kerstin Länta knew every herb that grows in Lapland. She was fond of sorrel and other members of the dock family, and cooked them with reindeer or goat's milk. She collected the flower-buds of angelica and peeled the roots of many

other herbs, cut them up, dried them and packed them in the reticulum of a reindeer, which makes a watertight provision bag.

In spring the Lapps often had little to eat, and the young men were often so weakened at that season that they had to avoid steep ascents, and they looked forward eagerly to the day when the hinds could be milked, although a hind does not yield more than a small bowl of milk. The hind was milked as long as ever it was possible and the udder was smeared with dung to keep the fawns from drinking.

At the present day only the men who are in charge of them milk the hinds in summer. As a general rule, they are first milked in autumn when the fawns are no longer drinking from their mothers.

"In the olden days the Lapp was much more modest in his demands," the old woman told us. "He never took his rucksack with him, even when he had to be out in the wild day and night. Nowadays a Lapp won't move without his sack full of food and a coffee-pot, even if he is only to be away for one day."

I asked the old woman how she explained this change. "Because in winter the Lapps got to know the ways of the Swedish settlers," was her answer, "and saw what the farmers had to eat. Then they ceased to be satisfied with the little that nature offered them and bought food in the villages."

"But those Lapps who think they must eat meat the whole year round don't get rich," growled old Nils Länta, who had dropped in for a bowl of coffee. Since our first encounter he had silently tolerated us. He was now, for the first time, paying us the honour of talking to us. "A Nomad Lapp must not be lazy and gluttonous or he can't take care of his herd," he continued.

He seemed to grow quite garrulous as we seized the opportunity and asked him when and how many reindeer the head of a family is in the habit of slaughtering.

“ We slaughter a reindeer when we have nothing to eat,” said Länta. “ There is always a sick beast to be found, a barren hind or a weakly buck, which is no loss. The proper slaughtering season is in autumn, before the animals rut, because the flesh is then tasty and tender. The women know how to make good sausages and there’s plenty to eat in every hut. The lean meat is dried and hung up in the *passjo* and smoked, so that it keeps the whole year. Fawns are also slaughtered in autumn because their soft coats are used as clothing. The skins are stretched and dried, some of them are rolled up and sold, but most of them are turned into shoes, long trousers, *koltes*, rucksacks, straps and many other things. The women do that in winter. The skins of the reindeer’s legs are the most valuable ; we fix them under the skis in winter and trim fur clothes with them.”

We were in the middle of our conversation when Kristina Airo entered the tent, dressed in her Sunday best. Her plaits were freshly combed and she was wearing an almost new jacket of light brown chamois leather, trimmed with borders which she had woven herself. In her hand she held a lot of many-coloured balls of wool and a little stick.

With a good deal of merriment she told in Lapp what appeared to be a very funny story, for everybody burst out laughing. The hut was already full to overflowing, but, with some ceremony, she found herself a place on the floor, taking care not to step over the feet of those who were sitting there, for that would have been bad manners. Quite unembarrassed she took her place next to Keira Knoljokk, laid an arm round his shoulders and tickled his nose. After scrapping a little while with him she sat up properly and began to plait the ribbon she had begun.

Sunna Tuolja and Ellen had just finished washing the cooking and eating vessels in hot water, scouring the stones of the fireplace and putting everything in order. They now likewise brought out their handwork.

The dogs had long since found the hut too crowded and

lay outside, snapping at gnats and flies. The men stretched themselves more and more comfortably on the skins ; some lay on their backs, others curled up like dogs, and the taciturn Ivar Tuolja stared meditatively into the fire.

* * * *

My wife admired Kristina's beautiful leather dress.

"Come into our hut," the girl invited her, "and try it on and if you like I'll sew you one like it."

My wife pictured herself at a fancy dress ball in a Lapp leather costume. She accepted.

"How can you make such lovely soft leather from reindeer skins?" she asked.

"It means a lot of work," Kristina said, without looking up from what she was doing. She did not seem very eager to describe the tedious process of dressing leather. She whispered something in Keira's ear ; he was closely watching the ribbon that was taking shape in her fingers.

"This ribbon is for Keira," she explained, turning to us.

"Can you dress leather, too, or can only the older women do that?" my wife inquired to touch her vanity. It did the trick.

"By the age of sixteen every girl must be able to do everything—cook, sew shoes and clothes, dress leather and tend reindeer," she said proudly and went on to tell us all about it.

In spring the skins are laid down in water. You must be careful to see that they are not "botty." In summer the larvæ of the bot-fly often bore their way right under the animals' skin, stay there till next spring, then drop to the ground and come out. A "botty" skin is full of holes and useless. The skin has to be soaked for a week or two till the hairs come away. Birch bark is then boiled in a pot. The cleaned skins are laid in this decoction, which is replenished again and again, for many days. It is then scraped with an iron scraper (Fig. 67) and hung out to dry in a shady place. A paste of flour and Norwegian train-oil is mixed and smeared

on both sides of the dry and now stiff skins. They are piled one on top of another and left to lie till the paste has thoroughly penetrated. The skins are then stretched by two people pulling them with all their might and scraped again. If the leather is still not soft enough the process is repeated. In this way chamois leather is dressed, and out of it straps, trousers, shoes, rucksacks and gloves are sewn. The summer *koltes*, on the other hand, are made of leather which has been prepared with willow bark.

Sunna, who has listened attentively to hear if Kristina told her story correctly, pulled a variety of bits of leather from a bag to show us the difference between the several kinds. Among other things she showed a little purse of white chamois leather, charmingly decorated with strips of wool and leather in gay patterns. When she saw that we appreciated the clever workmanship she presented it to my wife.

"We only use the white leather for finery," she explained. In earlier times the women and girls wore completely white *koltes* on feast days. Now they only use it to trim their festal clothes and make purses and the like.

During the long winter every housewife sews the thick skin clothes which are worn in winter. For this purpose she uses short-haired skins of reindeer that have been slaughtered in the summer. She scrapes them and smears them in the same way as leather till they are soft enough to be sewn. If the weather is very cold the fur is worn with the hair inside and another on top with the hair outside, which is a complete protection even in a snowstorm.

"But now you must come with me," said Kristina and took my wife by the hand. She led her across to her hut to try on a leather *kolte*.

When women start talking clothes it is a long business, even in Lapland, I reflected, as the two did not return. Eventually, when I had had enough of waiting, I went into the tent where Kristina Airo lived with her parents and two little sisters. There stood my wife in a brown leather *kolte*,

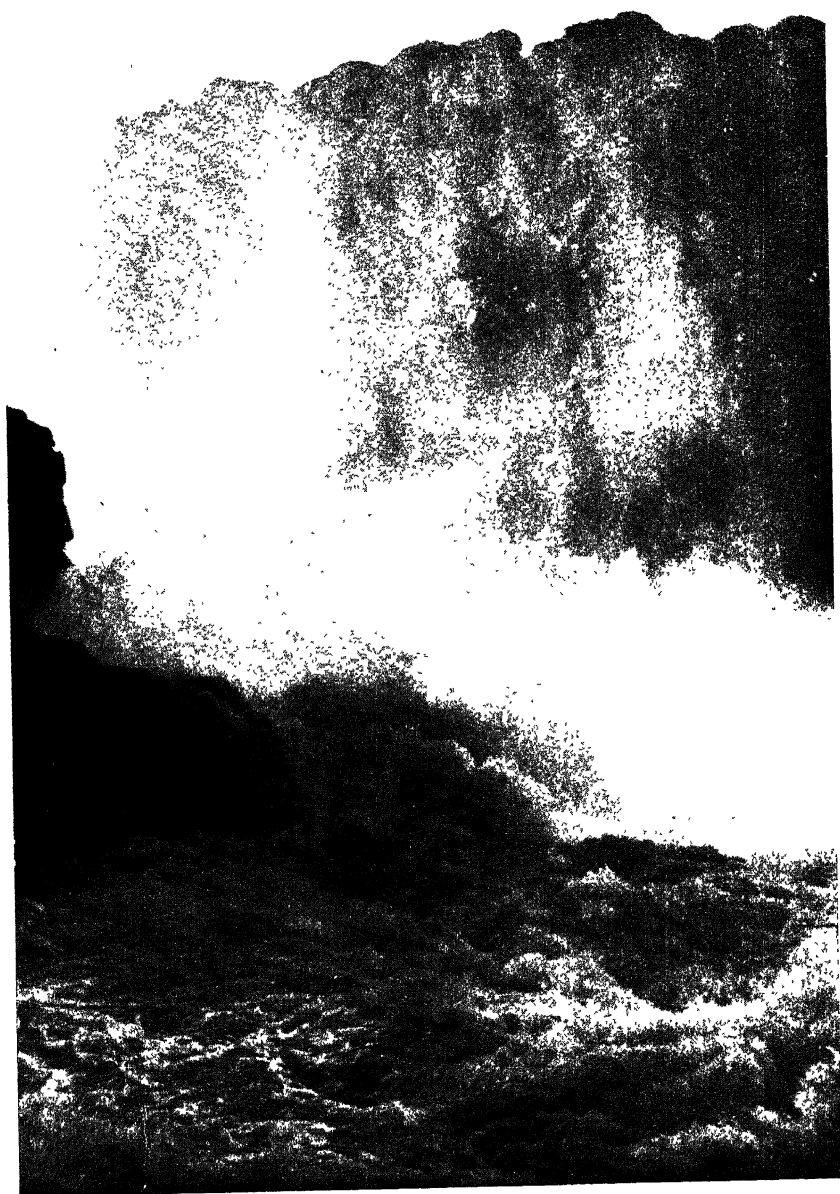


Fig. 46. Foaming glacier rivers have cut deep gorges in the stony earth.



Fig. 47. We cross broad snow-fields. The first glacier of the Akka lies before us.



Fig. 48. A reindeer family in the mountains of Lapland. The reindeer "graze" snow.



Fig. 49. The fugitives must leave the icy mountains and are driven back to the herd.



Fig. 50. Kristina Airo and Marja Knoljokk guide us to the Vastenjaure. A short rest on the way.



Fig. 51. Frau Bernatzik, Mikkel Utsi the Karsuando Lapp and Jaffi, the clever Lapp dog, resting. On the right in the fire the coffee-pot, without which no Lapp makes a journey.



Fig. 52. On the icy heights. A short rest on the Akka glacier. It was the only rest without coffee, for not even the Lapps could succeed in making a fire up here.



Fig. 53. A deep crevasse in the glacier, 6,000 feet above sea-level. It is filled almost to the top with water, in which lumps of snow float.

with a belt woven of many colours from which a multitude of tassels dangled. It only came down to her knees and seemed to pass over into breeches and puttees. The whole outfit looked pretty odd. The *kolte* was, in addition, much too tight for her, and she stood there like a stiff wooden dummy so as not to burst it. The tall blue cap of the Jokkmokk Lapps, with its parti-coloured brim, became her distinctly better. A mob of women and girls squatted around and giggled with pleasure. They obviously enjoyed dressing my wife up in this way.

I had arrived just at the moment when a man is permitted to intrude in his wife's clothing concerns, namely, when the time has come to pay. Mrs. Airo did not indeed hand me a bill, but the price of a Lapp costume had to be fixed. Kristina would sew it, she had taken the measurements, and would send it to us in South Sweden. It was to be a party frock, with all the fashionable embellishments in the way of borders, frills and ribbons that adorn the costume of the Jokkmokk Lapps. What she needed such a dress for was a mystery to me. But mere men do not understand such things. The ladies' enthusiasm was so overwhelming that I could only say "Yes" to everything.

* * * *

On no account must we leave the tent without drinking coffee. We should have liked to go out for a while, but this was the first visit we had paid to the Airo family and we had to observe due formality. Kristina's mother, who unfortunately was very deaf, had justly reproached us that we had called on everyone in the *sida* except them. Besides, it was customary among the Lapps to go from one tent to another on a rest day and drink coffee. The three girls with their plaits also wanted to ask us an incredible amount of questions. And when the blonde Marja Knoljokk and her brother came in, there was no end to them.

"How old do people live to be among you? Are there mountains in your country? Are there reindeer in your

mountains? How long have your children to go to school? What do your men do? What is your work? How do you like our mountains?" So the questions came higgledy-piggledy and eager eyes were fixed on us from all sides. Suddenly Erik Knoljokk interrupted the womanish chatter. He was a materialist.

"With what money do you make your long journeys?" he asked. "What does it cost to travel from your country to Lapland? What does a tent like yours cost? And the air mattresses?"

The prices we mentioned did not strike him as high. This reminded me that these were not poor people. The Government pays the Lapps seventy Swedish kronen for a reindeer. If the *sida* owned a herd of no more than six thousand head, the value would mount up to over a quarter of a million gold marks—a tidy sum!

Young as he was Erik Knoljokk knew a good deal. The political situation in Central Europe, the causes of the World War, my wartime experiences, all interested him, not to mention the symptoms of consumption and the treatment of gout and toothache.

We had now reached a subject that fascinated the women too. How could one heal rheumatism and stomach trouble? These questions were raised with so much entreaty that I realised how terribly the nomads must suffer from these diseases. The State, it is true, does all that it can to improve the health of the Lapps. In many remote northerly places a doctor is stationed; a flying ambulance has been inaugurated which, in response to a telegraphic appeal, takes a sick man for nothing to the hospital at Luleå; and during the summer doctors are actually sent to the Lapp encampments and the sick come from long distances to their "appointments," of which previous notice is given them. But, despite all these arrangements, nomad life inevitably means that the Lapps are often without advice and help when they need it most.

The eye disease from which they suffer particularly badly in

spring, when their eyes, accustomed to the winter night, are blinded by the dazzling snow, must be frightful to them. The Lapps says that it is caused not only by the dazzling light, but also by the fact that at that time of year they are often unable to sleep for many days and nights on end. The eyes pain and water and they cannot see. Nowadays every head of a family remembers, when they set out in spring, to take a bottle of the eye lotion which the doctor in the church-village has prescribed. Not so very long ago Lapps with eye trouble went to an "eye-wizard," who subjected them to a somewhat painful treatment. With a small, flat stick he turned back the upper eyelid and rubbed it with his fingers till particles of skin came away. He then sprinkled powdered sugar on it and restored the eyelid to its natural position. After this treatment it began to suppurate badly, but healed quickly as soon as the "poison" along with the pus, had gone away.

Another remedy for the so-called "eye-disease" was the urine of a suckling.

They tried to cure many illnesses by letting blood, which they did by means of a cupping horn or by laying a hot stone wrapped in cloths on the painful spot.

For a broken leg they used quicksilver, which was early known to the Lapps. They also dropped quicksilver into the eyes for abscesses and so-called styes. For headache they tore the hair wherever the pain was.

Against snake bites they had a more reliable treatment : they cut the bite deep and squeezed the poisoned blood out. Against ant bites and wasp stings they apply certain mosses to the place even now.

The most important thing, however, was that a healing *noiade* should pronounce certain formulæ and spells over the sick man. *Noiades* were people into whom the soul of a dead man had entered, which helped him to practise magic. These souls were, according to ancient Lapp belief, not pious enough to go to heaven nor sinful enough to go to hell, so

they could only remain in the air. They flew like birds or swept along like a hurricane, and where they passed the trees bowed down to the earth. No one saw them, but they could be heard roaring, and they were pictured as having no heads. When one of these spirits entered into a man he could hear and see what others could not hear and see. He could speak in various strange tongues, he could foretell the future and heal diseases.

Erik Knoljokk told us how once a little boy was brought unconscious to a *noiade*. He had suddenly collapsed without visible cause and was now wrestling with death. The *noiade* explained that the boy had been "struck by a whirlwind". It was believed that, if one happened to get into a whirlwind, one would die or at least fall grievously ill. The colour of the boy's face had gone quite yellow. The *noiade* smeared his whole body with earth, pronounced his spell, and finally said, "I now feel the disease mounting my arms. They are aching up to the shoulders." The boy grew well and the yellowness vanished completely from his face.

Another story that Erik told was of the miraculous cure of a blind girl who had often been treated by a doctor without success. When she came to the *noiade* he uttered incantations over her eyes, gave her an ointment and told her to stay for some time in darkness. A fortnight later she was able to see.

"An ancestor of old Länta, whom you know, was a famous *noiade*," Erik continued. "He could cure the worst diseases. He acquired this knowledge through a snake's stone. When a snake is on heat it will sometimes play with a little stone, rolling it this way and that. Whoever succeeds in finding such a stone understands the art of healing."

Once upon a time a Lapp who had sold himself to the devil came to this old Länta. The devil had promised to make him rich if he would deliver up his soul to him on his fiftieth birthday. When the Lapp had enjoyed his wealth to the day of reckoning, the devil appeared to him in human form. In the imagination of the Lapps the devil mostly

appears as a well-dressed gentleman (in European, not Lapp, costume). The Lapp begged him to have patience for a little and the good-natured devil gave him another three years. On the eve of the last day of this term the Lapp went to old Länta for advice. Länta guessed that the Evil One would come during the night, told the Lapp to go to sleep and kept vigil himself the whole night long beside the man's bed, and watched to see where and how the Evil One would begin his attack. Before long he observed that the Lapp was having great difficulty in swallowing. Länta at once jumped up and painted his throat with a magic ointment. The Evil One was foiled and had to give up the attempt. Next night he kept watch again and drove the devil off in similar fashion. On the third day he said to the Lapp, "You can now go home without fear. You have escaped the devil and he cannot harm you any more."

Old Länta is supposed to have learnt from priests about the healing juices of various herbs. He could concoct remedies with which to cure illnesses and even external injuries. Once there was a Lapp who suffered from a rash on the head. A fluid kept on running from the sore. When he asked Länta for help, this was the cure : With a knife he cut a piece out of the trunk of a tree, into which the sick man's head fitted exactly. He painted the inside of this "cap" with fir resin, ordered the man to climb on to a platform and tied the cap fast to a tree at such a height that the Lapp's head reached exactly into the hollow. Länta now pressed the resinous cap tight on the sick man's head till it had stuck fast to his scalp and ordered him, "Jump down from the platform !" The man jumped and the bad place, together with the greater part of the skin of his head, remained behind, stuck in the hollow of the block of wood, so that the skull was exposed. Länta then smeared his herbal medicament over the wound till it healed. Only the hair is said not to have grown again in all parts. Still, the rash was gone !

It is understandable that the enlightened Lapps of to-day

do not think much of such methods of healing. Some laugh at the ignorance of their forefathers, others are silent about them and are not quite sure whether after all supernatural forces and a firm faith are not the foundation of all medical treatment.

Erik Knoljokk belonged to the enlightened and agreed with me entirely in condemning the old methods. He took me, by the way, for a doctor, because to him the title " Dr." meant a physician.

* * * *

During our medical debate the girls squatted together, their fingers busy with their work and their heads close to one another. Their words, their giggles and their merry laughter prattled like a brook. From time to time they stole a glance at my wife and me. Something or other about us seemed to have struck them. As our conversation ceased, Kristina asked, as though by agreement, " Why don't you wear wedding rings ? "

So that was why they were so interested.

" Don't you wear wedding rings ? How are people to see that you are married ? " she went on.

" When we were married we did exchange rings," we explained to them, " but we don't feel any need to wear them all the time and we don't mind if other people take us for unmarried. It often happens that people are not married and yet wear wedding rings. What then ? "

This appeared not to happen among the Lapps, for they evidently regarded it as a joke and never supposed for a moment that such a thing was possible. Mrs. Airo, we noticed, wore four thick wedding rings one above the other. When I asked her if she had had four husbands, she replied indignantly, " My husband gave me all these rings. You see, I have a gallant husband ! " It is actually the custom among the Lapps to wear an engagement ring, which is like a wedding ring, and at the birth of her first son a wife

receives another similar ring and perhaps on other joyful occasions as well."

"When are you going to get married, Kristina?" I asked that merry girl.

"I'm much too young, I'm only sixteen," she said. "Besides, I haven't got a young man," she added, bending over her work, while her eyes twinkled at her girl friend, who perhaps knew better.

We now wanted to hear how the Jokkmokk Lapps celebrate a wedding.

"Oh, celebrate a wedding—we only think of that in our winter camp, when we are all back in the neighbourhood of Jokkmokk. If one is going to be married one waits for the great market days, which are generally held at the beginning of February. Everyone who is thinking of marriage or who has some other reason for going then travels to Jokkmokk with fully loaded sledges, their swiftest draught bucks harnessed to them and their best clothes on. Some do business day and night, selling skins, reindeer hair, meat and horn. Then they buy whatever they need for their households—salt, sugar, flour, coffee, leather for the soles of their shoes, fishing nets and ropes, for nowadays the Lapps don't make lassoes out of reindeer sinews and strips of leather as they used to do. Tent cloths, too, must be bought and woollen stuff for summer *koltes*. People offer goods for sale and turn down each other's offers and bargain and haggle. A Lapp doesn't let himself be over-reached, he's a good business man," she added proudly.

In earlier days the Lapps also held a kind of moot at the time of the market for the settlement of disputes by common decision. Later a Lapp Sheriff from the King was sent, who held court during the market days.

The market is the general meeting-place of many Lapps, who otherwise live far apart or whose routes for wandering lead in quite different directions. They hold inquiries into strayed reindeer, come to agreements about the place and

time of musters, and tell acquaintances that they have seen reindeer with their mark at such and such places.

In connection with the market there are also what are called "prayer days". These are the days on which those who are eager for wedlock get married.

"When a young man owns plenty of reindeer," Kristina continued, "he needs a helpmate to assist him in tending them. And a girl who understands every kind of woman's work and can also be lively and entertaining is the best companion he can find. At first young men are very shy (Kristina evidently spoke from experience), but bit by bit they go out walking with the girl of their choice in the evenings and talk and try to embrace and kiss her. But they do not take the affair seriously at once, and only when they have found each other pleasing for some time do they present themselves next year at market time and get married. When the priest has married the pair in church, the wedding feast is held. Not only relatives and invited guests, but strangers as well, take part. All are entertained most lavishly. A number of girls who are related to the pair undertake the duty of keeping plates and glasses full and the liquor flows in rivers. When the day has come to an end in carousing—some are incapable of standing on their legs by this time—a bowl is placed before the young pair and a near relative begins the series of wedding presents. He lays a silver coin in the bowl and says, "We must give the young people something. I give this and also a hind with a fawn." And in this way every guest in turn gives his present. Most of them add a one-year-old fawn to their silver coin. A friend of the house stands beside the pair and writes down every gift so that they shall really get what is promised them. After each gift has been made the bridegroom offers the donor a drink of gratitude from his bottle of spirits. On some days several weddings take place, which comes pretty expensive for anyone who is under an obligation to attend them all. Next day nearly everybody feels just rotten and has to drink more spirits to recover."



Fig. 54. The Utsi family before their turf hut at Vaisaluokta.



Fig. 55. The country near Vaisaluokta. The green birches, willow bushes and heather in bloom seem to us like a pageant of summer blossom after the bleak mountains. Although Vaisaluokta only lies 1,300 feet above sea-level there is no other vegetation.



Fig. 56. On the way up to the Akka range. At the foot a few gnarled birches and stunted bushes grow.



Fig. 57. In this way the Lapp women carry their babies. The cradle, of hollowed birch trunk, is upholstered with soft skins, and a wooden roof with a curtain protects the child from the dazzling light and the gnats.

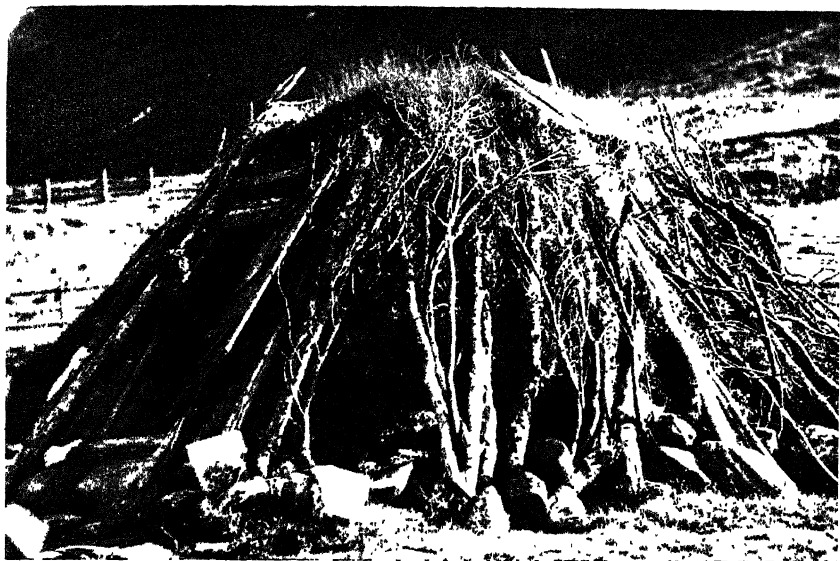


Fig. 58. Turf hut of the Karesuando Lapps at Vaisaluokta. On the top is the board with which the smoke-hole is closed in rainy weather.



Fig. 59. The inside of the hut, showing the floor-covering of birch brushwood, the reindeer skins, the numerous coffee-pots which are found in every hut, the sooty cooking-pot and the wall of birch trunks which supports the turf tiles.



Fig. 60. Maria Pilto ties the leather cover of the cradle with coloured ribbons. The baby is holding in its hands a wooden doll carved by its father and dressed in Karesuando costume.



Fig. 61. Father Pilto with his little son, Nils Anders.



Fig. 62. Maria Pilto and the eleven-months-old Inga Maria who, despite her tender years, wears the costume of the Karesuando women. The only difference is in the cut of the laced bonnet.

“ At the present day the Laestadians ” (the members of the sect founded by Laestadius) “ don’t drink liquor at their weddings, but only lemonade,” said Mrs. Airo, as she noticed that the Lapps did not rise in my estimation because they got drunk at their weddings.

“ But even at these teetotal weddings,” Kristina gave her fellow-countrymen away, “ it is usual for the bridegroom or the bride’s father to call his friends aside, pull a bottle of spirits from under his *kolte* and drink a round with them on the quiet.”

To my inquiry whether the Lapps drank much apart from market times she answered, “ There’s very little opportunity. Even in the winter camp there’s a lot to be done. The men tend the herds in the forests and make saddles and sledges, skis, milk bowls and packing cases. They have to repair everything that has got damaged. To have a chest is every Lapp’s pride, and he takes particular trouble to paint it nicely. When young men and girls receive their first chest to keep their own little possessions in, it is a sign that they have grown up.”

At length it was time to go. We thanked them for their hospitality and walked out into the evening. We felt as if we should have to learn to walk again, our legs were so stiff from squatting.

I joined Ivar Tuolja, who was just going to the lake with a net to try his luck. We came back with some char and trout, fried them brown and crisp on our primus and enjoyed the delicious meal in our tent.

It was a glorious, peaceful evening. A cool wind chased the tiresome gnats away and the air was so pure and clear that the lakes and mountains were visible far away into infinite distance.

“ How is it that the mountains here look so different from our own at home ? ” my wife asked. “ Is it the knowledge that this monotonous landscape is not inhabited by any settled people whom it provides with the means of life ?

Wherever you look, wherever you go, everywhere it is the same. If I look long enough into the distance, I begin to feel a tightening of the throat. How green and lovely it must be at home ! ”

I saw that she was homesick and I, too, thought of our distant homeland.

Before we retire to sleep we take one more look at the Lapps' camp. All is still over there. No smoke rises from the huts, even the dogs and goats are asleep. Marja Knoljokk and Keira Keirason are standing in front of one of the tents. He seems to be teasing her and she turns her back on him and sulks. Suddenly they catch hold of each other and have a proper wrestling match. Then the young man turns on his heel peevishly and strides away, visibly cross. Marja disappears into her tent.

Is Marja so obstinate ? One would never have thought it (Fig. 38).

We then see Keira walking up and down meditatively in the company of two friends. Marja slips out of the tent, cautiously and apparently unnoticed by the young men. The beautiful summer night will not let her sleep ! As nimbly as a deer she runs up the hill, while the young men continue to walk up and down aimlessly. Has Keira really been rejected ? All at once he leaves his companions and marches after her with decision. The other two wander off to the lake. In the stillness of night the huts lie bathed in the light of the midnight sun and two young people meet on the lonely mountain heath.

CHAPTER X

LAPP GIRLS AS GUIDES

THE days passed quickly in the camp. Fishing, coffee visits and work of various kinds alternated with one another. It was warm summer weather, the snow melted before our eyes, the streams swelled and the waterfalls roared. The reindeer herds grazed in peace.

Guests galore often gathered in our little tent. Keira, Erik, Nils and even Ivar Tuolja came in and out, and there were also ladies' parties. Everybody had to see our tent, of which marvellous stories had been told in the village. Unfortunately we were so badly off for food that we had not very much to offer our guests. But caramels for the ladies and cigarettes for the gentlemen were enough to make a pleasant atmosphere.

Ivar set his heart on buying air-mattresses and a small, really watertight, tent. He realised the disadvantages of the Lapp tents. The firmness of our tent poles was tested by experts, the ventilation holes were closely examined, and one after another lay down on the mattresses to try for himself how comfortable they were. We offered to exchange a tent for reindeer skins. Ivar deliberated a long time and they consulted together in their own language, which we did not understand. Eventually Ivar cleared his throat and said, "I'll think it over," and went out.

It cannot be easy to conclude a deal with Lapps. Sunna was decidedly quicker in thinking and bargaining and made up her mind at once that she was going to have this or that, but, for all her independence, her last words were invariably, "I must ask my husband."

One day Sunna came into our tent when my wife was alone and sat down beside her. "I can't help thinking of my little boy, whom I lost so early. I can't bear to be alone, I am so frightened without a child," she said sadly. "There ought to be children in a hut ; it's only their laughter and little doings that make life worth living."

She told of the days when she still had her baby with her, and asked who was looking after our child at home, what it ate, what it played with and if it was obedient. My wife, happy to have someone to whom she could unburden her heart, told Sunna about our little girl. So the two mothers found each other in their concern about their children.

One morning the Lapp camp was empty and large logs had been laid before the doors, as is always done when the owners are out. From the Airo family's tent alone rose a coil of smoke. Two old women and two little children had stayed behind with Marja Knoljokk and Kristina Airo. The rest had all gone to a muster at the Vastenjaure.

We had intended to employ the Lapps' absence for writing up our notes. But now the fine weather and the prospect of again joining in the life and bustle of a reindeer muster and of going under the guidance of one of the girls to the Vastenjaure tempted us. Marja Knoljokk was willing to do it and said she knew the way, but she was afraid of her father, who had ordered her to stay at home. We succeeded in talking her over.

We were soon ready to start, but a Lapp girl's toilet takes a long time. We went to see her in the tent and there she stood in her undergarment at the fire, with Kristina beside her plaiting her hair. She had thought it over, Marja said, and would only go if Kristina came too. We had no objection, and the two of them, each with a long staff in her hand, a leather sack on her back, her hair combed flat and her best blue cloth *kolte* on, at last appeared and we set out.

For hours on end we trudged up hill and down hill, across rivers and little pools of melted snow and flowery heaths.

We found a snowy owl with two young in her nest and the tracks of otter and glutton crossing a thawed snowfield. The portly Marja groaned and sweated in her warm clothes and we often rested (Fig. 50).

Kristina walked as lightly as a bird and sang softly to herself. We could not understand what she sang ; it was not made up of words, but for the most part simply of vowels repeated over and over again, long drawn out sounds that swelled and died away. Inner jubilation expressed itself in her song. It was certainly not a song that she had learnt in the Lapp school. She followed no particular key nor any words, but sought in changing rhythm to express the feelings she felt. It was the ancient "yoiking" of the Lapps. It sounds strange and unintelligible to one who has never shared the life of these people and never heard the boom of the waterfalls or the storm over the mountains. A splendid sledge, the leaping of the young fawns, a steep ravine or the laugh of the ptarmigan are as fit themes for a song as a lovely girl or a young man who breasts a racing torrent. A mother composes a song for each of her children. Dead men are also celebrated in song, and children and children's children often learn the tunes of their forbears.

The Lapps say that the *uldas* taught them how to yoik. A young Lapp once saw a surpassingly beautiful girl in the forest. He desired to possess her, but when he came near and spoke to her she vanished. Next day he sought out the same spot and hoped to find her again, but nowhere could he catch sight of her. He only heard a girl's voice singing so sweetly that he came back ever and again to this place and could never have enough of her song. So he learnt how to yoik from the *ulda* maiden and taught it to the other Lapps.

Since the coming of Christianity yoiking has been forbidden as heathen and sinful. Psalms are now sung, whose meaning is barely comprehensible to the Lapps, and songs are taught such as the neighbouring people sing. In many districts

for the two of us alone was incomparably beautiful, almost dreamlike, and enabled us to forget the hardships of this expedition.

* * * *

It may have been that other things took up the young herdsmen's attention more than the collecting of reindeer during the pleasurable muster ; it may have been that the reindeer found the lower altitudes too hot and insect-ridden ; at all events a troop of them broke away to the icy heights of the Akka glacier and we joined in the search for them.

Between moraine and grassy soil the path wound gently upwards. Foaming glacier streams, which had cut deep gulleys in the stony ground in the course of thousands of years (Fig. 46), plunged towards us. Our view into the distance grew ever greater and the huge lakes which we had left lay like little ponds at our feet. We were nearly 4,000 feet up when we came to the first tongue of glacier. The going was very steep now across vast fields of snow (Fig. 47). Undisturbed by man and beast, undisturbed even by the hot rays of the sun, the snow lies a yard deep here. It has suddenly turned cold and an icy wind blows from the rugged peaks, whose rock is remarkably dark and here and there rich in iron ore. The immense masses of ice lie before us in dazzling blue and we cross the first glacier.

The surface of the ice is so coarse-grained that we do not need the climbing irons that we have taken the precaution of bringing. The Lapps, on the other hand, slip in their soft leather soles and have to lean heavily on their sticks.

Deep crevasses bar our way (Fig. 53). The walls of ice stretching down to unplumbable depths are more blue than I have ever seen them in our Alps, except in the Silvretta Group. At the bottom the glacier water glistens.

The ice-field on which we find ourselves (Fig. 52) lies some 5,800 feet above sea level. Nothing is to be seen but ice and snow, hemmed in by the summits of the mountains, which stand like the towers of a fortress. We feel as though

we were in the realm of the 13,000 feet giants of our own country, the same loneliness presses on the spirit, the same vista into infinity unfolds itself.

There could be no thought of resting here. The Lapps as well as ourselves shivered, the dogs ran from one to another, wagging their tails and asking by their looks what on earth anyone could be looking for in this icy cold.

When we had crossed the glacier a black speck stood out from a white snow-field in the distance. The young men at once recognised it to be the troop of reindeer that had strayed. There was a consultation as to which side we should start driving them from. A wide detour was necessary to cut off their path.

As we drew near the reindeer the dogs were taken on the leash, and in a spot sheltered from the wind we made a short halt for coffee (Fig. 51). The reindeer meanwhile cooled their heated limbs, rolled in the snow and now and then ate a little of it (Fig. 48).

The dogs were now released and, with wild shouting and barking, the reindeer were chased. Running and jumping we pursued them into the valley. When we got there our guides showed us sledges, skis and boats, which had been hidden here when they came by at the beginning of spring. A cache of food had been made under a large heap of earth in preparation for the time when they would pass that way again in autumn.

It was no easy matter to drive the reindeer forward to the herd. They were always trying to escape back to the cool, peaceful heights from which we had ejected them.

When at last we sat together once more in the Tuoljas' tent we would not have changed places with a king, so snug did we feel in the smoky little nomad hut !

•

PART II

AMONG THE KARESUANDO LAPPS

CHAPTER XI

IN THE SUMMER CAMP OF THE KARESUANDO LAPPS

THE time came when we had to take leave of our *sida*, of the mountains and lakes and the hard, but glorious, nomad life. Sunna and Ivar Tuolja set us on our way. We started one bright, cold night. A few reindeer carried our baggage. The mountains shone in the light of the ascending sun. The melting of the snow had reached its height and turned the path across the broad plateau into one immense river that seemed to have no end. Our way led steeply past waterfalls. The farther we descended into the valley the more the bleak moors disappeared, the more gracious the landscape became and the more luxuriantly the bushes and flowers grew in the delicate birch-woods (Fig. 56).

Eventually the first turf huts came in sight and we were soon at Vaisaluokta, the summer camp of the Karesuando Lapps. The place seemed to us like a town after the loneliness of the mountains, although it merely consisted of seven scattered huts in a bay of the great Luotanjarkjaure, hemmed in on all sides by snow and mountains (Fig. 55).

It was hot and sultry down here and the insects plagued us so badly that Ivar and Sunna lost no time in unstrapping our baggage and setting off again to the mountain. Their pack animals had become fidgety and difficult on account of the dangerous flies and gnats.

So we took a rather hasty leave of the faithful nomad pair, who seemed quite lost here in a strange village where they had no friends and kinsmen.

* * * *

The Karesuando Lapps belong to an entirely different tribe from the Jokkmokk Lapps. How did they come to be in the valley of the Lule River, which had belonged to the Jokkmokk Lapps for thousands of years?

Between the 68th and 69th degrees of latitude, in the northernmost province of Sweden, Torne Lappmark, on the borders of Finland, lies the place called Karesuando. It is low, hilly country, embracing the great plains of the tundras, overgrown with reindeer lichens, and falling away in gentle folds towards the broad river valleys. This is the home of the Karesuando Lapps.

For something like a hundred years the Norwegian Lapps from the region of the Kautokeino River in Finmarken made a practice of wandering with their reindeer into this district. More and more families chose it as their winter quarters, till in 1852 the Finnish frontier was closed to the Lapps and they could no longer pass through the Finnish Corridor to get into the Swedish district. Many Kautokeino Lapps evaded the law by taking Swedish nationality. As Swedes they could cross the Finnish territory and pasture among the Karesuando Lapps.

When in 1889 the Swedish Lapps were also deprived of the right to wander through Finnish territory, the numerous families were forced to wander farther and farther to the south and west and pasture their herds in summer in the coastal area of Norway, among the fjords and sounds and on the islands and peninsulas, where juicy grasses grew.

There again a heavy blow fell upon the poor Lapps. When the union of Sweden and Norway was dissolved in 1905, disputes arose between the two States over the crossing of the frontier by nomad Lapps. In 1919 these disagreements were finally settled and new regulations made with little regard to the ancient rights and needs of the Lapps. Their migrations into Norway were so severely restricted that the grazing grounds left to them no longer sufficed. The reindeer

lichens were rooted up in a short time and the Lapps found themselves obliged to go elsewhere.

Many of these Karesuando Lapps who had to leave their home live now in Pite Lappmark and many also in Lule Lappmark, the land of the Jokkmokk Lapps. They are aliens here. The high mountains are strange to them, as is the manner of reindeer-keeping which has developed among the Jokkmokk Lapps in response to the geographical and climatic conditions. Strange to them, too, are the people, the Lapps, who belong to another tribe, as well as the Swedish population that has settled in the valleys. The Karesuando Lapps had therefore to give up many of their ancient customs, but they have kept their dialect and costume. The long blue trousers, the tunics fastened up to the neck and the large caps with a red tassel are recognisable as the forerunners of our Norwegian ski costume. The Norwegians have undoubtedly copied this practical dress from the Karesuando Lapps who camped in their valleys during the summer.

Like many primitive peoples, these Lapps disapprove of intermarriage between members of different tribes.¹ It hardly ever happens that a Karesuando youth marries a Jokkmokk girl, or *vice versa*.

The Jokkmokk Lapps are unfriendly to the enforced immigrants. They accuse them of being lazy and taking their ease. A Karesuando Lapp never fishes in winter because he is too lazy to break a hole in the ice. He tends his herd badly and does not wander so far as the Jokkmokk Lapps do : and so forth. Although the Jokkmokk Lapps talk like this, they have not been above adopting a good many of these much abused "luxuries" in the space of a few years. It was from the Karesuando Lapps that they learnt to build enclosures for the reindeer musters. Formerly the Jokkmokk Lapps separated their herds in the open country, whereby they often had to pursue the animals for days on end and

¹ The contrary is reported of other Lapp tribes.

the herds were always getting mixed up again. The accusation of laziness is in reality an unjust one to fling at the Karesuando Lapps. Their easy way of keeping reindeer derives from the fact that in their distant home the reindeer were not exposed to so many dangers as among the ravines and glaciers, the waterfalls and torrents of the region into which they had to move because, even in northernmost Europe, there was no more room for a nomad people and its herds.

* * * *

For us, too, life now changed. We had our provision chests again—they had remained behind at Vaisaluokta—and we began to put on the flesh we had lost during the spartan life of the mountains. There was nothing to make us move off suddenly in the middle of the night, no uncertainty hung over the coming days, we were not exposed to the inclemency of the weather. Instead we possessed a fixed abode, our tent by the lake, always there to offer us rest and relaxation. We were in truth not born nomads !

And how I enjoyed dangling a line on the shore of the still lake in the long twilight hours of the evening and bringing back trout and char of a size to rejoice the heart of any angler. Peace reigned in the Lapps' huts. Only a fishing-eagle circled over one of the islands or a few waterfowl traced their light wakes on the surface as they swam. Sometimes all was so clear and calm that the glaciers of Akka were reflected in the lake and the lofty white clouds re-appeared in it as though the whole sky had fallen into the water. How rude it seemed to disturb these delicate reflections ! At each step into the water they first shuddered slowly, then the ripples curled and the mirrored picture had vanished as if by magic.

And when the sun had gone down we continued fishing for a long time, often not returning to the quiet tent on the shore till the early hours of the morning.

When the weather changed, to the accompaniment of



Fig. 63. The sewing materials, which every Lapp woman carries beside her knife on her belt, are enclosed in a case made of reindeer bone. The girl's well-shaped hands should be noticed.



Fig. 64. Weaving apparatus made of reindeer bone. With this simple equipment pretty coloured ribbons are made.



Fig. 65. Old Utsi is every inch a Lapp. He knows the fate of his fellow-countrymen and distrusts all strangers.



Fig. 66. Life has drawn countless wrinkles in Karin Partapuoli's face. Although she is very old, she curls the lace on her bonnet every day and never omits to fix one of her beautiful old silver clasps in her scarf.



Fig. 67. Matilda Utsi makes the skins soft and supple with an iron scraper.



Fig. 68. Olav Utsi cuts a decorative pattern in the bone handle of his knife. He is a master of this craft.

violent storms, it was all over with the calm and peace. The wind tugged at the tent, the waves foamed, the mossy ground on which our tent stood was waterlogged and the icy wind blew in upon us.

* * * *

Thickets, swamps and streams lay between the turf huts (Fig. 59) of Vaisaluokta. They were large, roomy places, mostly oval and similarly arranged inside to the tents of the Jokkmokk Lapps. The life of the household centred round the stone fireplace and the smoke-hole gave one a glimpse of the sky. But the walls were firm and strong and afforded shelter from wind and weather. The arched inside wall was composed of birch branches placed close together, sooty and black like the pot itself which hung over the fire. On this birch framework lay the heavy turf tiles, which in course of time formed a solid layer of earth, with grasses and flowers growing on it, so that many a hut looked from a distance like a hillock covered with vegetation (Fig. 58). This layer of earth was often supported on the outside with birch branches. A plank fastened to the doorposts with cords was the door. A tree trunk cut into steps led on to the roof of the hut. This ladder was used to go up and reduce the size of the smoke-hole with a piece of wood when it rained heavily. It must not be completely closed or the occupants would be suffocated in the smoke. One or two storehouses stood near every hut, roomy pile constructions made of strong branches and roofed over.

We got to know the Utsi family (Fig. 54). Matilda Utsi had brought six children into the world and was now a stout, deaf old woman who incessantly complained of a sore throat.

We always found her at work. She squatted on her knees in front of the hut, an iron scraper in her hand, and chafed, scraped and crumpled the skins till they were as soft as down (Fig. 67). She sewed shoes or plaited coloured ribbons, which the Lapps use to tie their shoes.

Cooking and cleaning were the jobs of her eldest daughter,

the twenty-year-old Brita Utsi, who made an attractive picture in her scrupulously clean lace bonnet and coloured scarf. The sewing-case (Fig. 63), which every Karesuando Lapp woman carries beside her knife on her belt, was carved and decorated with finely cut patterns by her brother Olav. It contained needles and thread and a neat little pair of scissors. With quick hands—they were well formed and dainty, as are the hands and feet of all Lapp women—Brita sewed delicate lace on bonnets and borders on costumes, patched holes and so on. Little six-year-old Annetta sat beside her and watched us inquisitively as we talked to her mother in Swedish. She had not yet started to go to school and did not understand what we were saying.

The father of the family, Johann Utsi, was seldom at home. He was with the reindeer herds in the mountains, like all the men of Vaisaluokta, young and old.

His father, Utsi senior (Fig. 65), had once, in his youth, been an ore transporter. With his strongest and tameest bucks, each carrying a load of ore, he journeyed from the ore mountain in Gällivare to the neighbourhood of Edesfors, in the south-east, where the ore was collected. Quite a number of Lapps, squeezed out by the new settlers or the regulations, were unable to live any longer on their reindeer and earned money in this way. These ore carriers were on their way for weeks on end, and in winter, when two or three bucks at a time had to pull the heavily loaded sledges through the trackless wastes and packs of hungry wolves howled in the dense forests, it was no light work, as the old man assured us.

Old Utsi did not want to die an ore carrier. He was a Nomad Lapp by birth and his whole ambition was to be a Nomad Lapp again. With the money he had saved he bought some reindeer hinds at an auction and let them be covered by one of the bucks which have gone wild and which try to find the Lapps' herds during the rutting season. A wild buck is especially sought after, because it breeds big, strong fawns. In this way the herd multiplied to a thousand head.

His son, however, set no store by these possessions. When barely fifteen years old he hung a liquor bottle—made of a reindeer's bladder—round his neck, joined some carriers and travelled backwards and forwards between Jokkmokk and the coast town of Luleå. He liked to talk of the time when there were no shops in Jokkmokk and dealers in flour, coffee and salt only journeyed through the land once a year, at market-time. These merchants hired Lapps with sledges or pack animals to carry their wares and thus got transport as cheap as possible. For transporting a sack of flour from Jokkmokk to the coast, which took from a week to a fortnight, according to the time of year, a Lapp received four kronen.¹ These carriers slept at night in the outhouses of the farmers, on their own skins, and paid in reindeer meat. This often gave rise to disputes, for the farmers were ill-disposed towards the Lapps and treated them as inferiors.

When Johann Utsi was twenty he also returned to the mountains, as his father had done before him, married Matilda and became a capable Nomad Lapp.

Now he had two grown-up sons to help him tend the reindeer : Olav, a quiet dreamer, and Mikkel, a handsome fellow of twenty-two, of whom it was told that he once completely fooled the Swedes. He complained so much of pains in the stomach that his father sent a messenger to the electricity works at Suorva and from there an air ambulance was summoned by wireless to take him to the hospital. Mikkel let himself be carried to the hydroplane and flew to Boden. When they arrived there, he cheerfully jumped out of the 'plane and said, "There's nothing the matter with me. I only wanted to know what it feels like to fly through the air !"

The youngest members of the Utsi family were Per and Paulus, boys of eight and ten, who could hardly wait to tend the reindeer with their father. They often helped with the fishing, and went out on the lake by themselves and managed

¹ We had to pay a krone a day per kilogram.

the heavy oars with skill (Fig. 69). When they returned home they stuffed dry grass into their little Lapp shoes, just like the grown-ups (Fig. 72).

There were four or five children in nearly every hut, and it was to them that we gave our attention while we were at Vaisaluokta. The mothers all backed us up understandingly, for everything that affects their beloved children is supremely important to them.

I once asked Mother Utsi what she wanted most for her children. "That they shall marry rich," she said with a smile at the prospect of a happy future for her children.

CHAPTER XII

LITTLE LAPPS GROW UP

ON a little hill stood the hut of the Pilto family. Father Pilto had a merry, mischievous face and spoke very little. As often as he was at home he would play with his son, little Nils Anders, take him for a ride on his knee, pinch the tip of his nose and gaze at him dotingly (Fig. 61). He would also busy himself tenderly with Inga Maria, who was eleven months old and usually lay in her cradle, but it was plain that little Nils was his favourite.

Maria Pilto was a quiet, kindly woman (Fig. 62). She was the calm centre round which circled the extremely happy family life into which we were permitted to look. Whether she sat on the floor of her hut and rocked the child in its cradle or stirred the soup in the pot, whether she told us about her children or, with a cradle slung over her shoulder, called on her neighbour (Fig. 57) for a restful bowl of coffee and a gossip, she always looked about her with a friendly, contented expression. And she never grew tired of our visits, however often we disturbed her at her work. Little Marja, her six-year-old first child, was the image of her. Like a little mother she played with a doll that her father had cut out of wood and her mother's skilful needle had turned into a proper Karesuando Lapp. She was very shy and, when we came, crept into a corner of the hut and did not move.

With the family lived old Karin Partapuoli, Maria's foster-mother (Fig. 66). Although a thousand wrinkles lined her face and her fingers were gnarled with gout and her back was so bent that she could not straighten it, she was bright and

mentally alert and, thanks to her lively disposition, much more communicative than Maria Pilto herself. When we praised the family life of the Lapps and the happy relationship that we had observed almost everywhere between the married people, the old woman said, "Yes, we children of nature have a high moral code. We don't want any truck with the American habits that the Swedes have adopted. There the men change their wives and the women their husbands like clothes and shoes." It is a fact that among the Lapps the fidelity of the married women is inviolable. "We have no divorces," she went on. "If we Lapp women take a husband, we stay with him to the end of our life. The main thing with us is the family, the home and the children. We don't need anything more."

"Of course, one can fall in love a little when one is young," she continued, and Maria Pilto blushed with embarrassment, for the Lapps dislike speaking about these things. "It is jolly and amusing, but once you are married you have other things to do."

She also described to us an old wooing custom, still in use to-day. When the youth has come to an agreement with his girl he goes with a friend to her parents' hut. Without saying much—for his coming has been expected—the suitor makes some coffee and offers it to the parents. If they are not disposed to give him their daughter, they decline the coffee. The visitors depart and the lovers accept their fate, more or less uncomplainingly. If the girl's parents are agreeable to the marriage they bring out their silver spoons and best crockery and the significant coffee is drunk amid general happiness. The girl is then called in and they discuss the date when the young couple are to be married in the church-village. The parents generally have good reasons if they reject a suitor. Either the lad is too poor or not of good family, or he has the reputation of understanding nothing of reindeer-keeping or of being lazy.

It is evident that a man cannot marry till he owns a large

enough herd and sufficient money to buy himself and his wife tent-cloths, tools, copper vessels, material for clothing and provisions. But as the conditions of life have deteriorated since civilisation began to penetrate, the men marry very late as a rule and many of them not at all. That is the reason why the Lapps are not increasing, although five or six children in a family are not a rarity and they are carefully brought up from both physical and mental points of view.

Great care is taken of the unborn child in its mother's womb. They pay particular attention that the pregnant woman shall neither knock herself against anything, nor be startled, nor see anything ugly, which the Lapps believe would leave its mark on the child.

They are much concerned with the sex of the expected child. It may be deduced from the pregnant woman's gait. If she walks heavily on the right side it will be a boy, for they suppose that a boy always lies on the right, a girl on the left, in the womb. The look in a pregnant woman's eyes also has its significance ; if it is sharp, the child will be a boy, if it is mild and gentle, a girl. But the easiest way to detect the sex of the child is by the belt ; if the woman wears her belt above the curve of the belly the Lapps say that it is sure to be a boy, but if she wears it below the curve a girl is to be expected.

A boy is naturally a much greater joy to the reindeer Lapps than a girl, since only he can tend the herd and increase it. A girl may indeed be diligent and help in all sorts of ways, but in the end she marries into another family and brings children into the world who contribute nothing to the prestige and wealth of her family.

In earlier times they believed in lucky and unlucky children. If some misfortune happened to the parents' herd before its birth, no good was expected of the newcomer. But if something fortunate occurred at that time they looked forward to a "lucky and joyful visitor."

straw and ribbons serve them as toys. A two-year-old boy is given a knife, and so cutting and carving are his first activity. But the boys' favourite toy is the lasso.

The first sledge that a father carves for his child is not much bigger than a man's fist, but tiny loads are dragged about in it. A father also makes his son bows and arrows until the time comes when he can make them for himself, and the bigger the boy grows the bigger are his bows and arrows. Before long, too, he is tearing down the snow-covered hills in his sledge.

The children build little tents out of sticks and a piece of cloth begged from their mothers. They are given a little coffee-pot and boil coffee and play father, mother and children.

When they are between four and six years old they form groups, boys and girls together, and it is a rare exception for an odd one to separate himself from the rest. As a rule one boy unconsciously takes command and proposes and leads their games.

They play "wandering" and "reindeer muster" and milk the reindeers, which are nothing more than twigs into which each cuts his own mark. They chatter the while and behave like grown-ups, and their childish fancy creates their own world of reality for them.

Lapp children also play games according to rule, such as the game of "Stallo." One child, who is blindfolded, is the blind Stallo. One after another the others come up to him and ask, "Which would you like, soup or groats?" When the Stallo has told them, they say, "Stretch out your hand to get it," and hit the blind Stallo as hard as they can with the palm of the hand, then jump away, till he catches one of them and eats him up in Stallo fashion. The one who has been eaten up cannot play any more, and when they have all been eaten up the game is over.

Another game is called "Marten and Squirrel," a third "Cat and Rat," and so forth. The children also play hide

and seek and run about among the huts shouting and laughing.

When they camp in a place where there are trees, a bridle is fastened to the branches to make a swing. If there is a stream, the boys catch small fish. In winter they put on their skis and the bigger ones fly down the hills standing upright. And when they are big enough to tame a young buck they make it pull them on the skis. Sometimes several boys in a line are pulled by a young buck, the front one holding the reins. Some of them topple over into the snow, all laughing and shouting together, and each one tries to be the best skier. This is a favourite sport with the young men too. Ski-ing behind a strong, untamed buck is certainly no easy pastime.

Grown-ups never play with the older children, and the children, for their part, join very little in the feasts, entertainments and conversations of the grown-ups.

The boys are very ambitious. Racing and fighting are extremely popular, and each does his utmost to beat the others at jumping, running and ski-ing. No one ever grudges the winner his victory, for envy is unknown.

While the boys are fond of measuring their strength at an early age, the little girls devote themselves to dolls from their first play-days. They will carry a stick tenderly in their arms, nurse it and fondle it, dress it up and decorate it. Later on they sew little furs and *koltes*, caps and shoes for their pets.

The Lapp girls are touching little creatures. Their clothes, which are like those of the grown-up women, intensify the motherly impression which these little "housewives" make. At first it is a game when they carry tiny bundles of faggots home and are allowed to throw brushwood into the fire, when they bring water into the hut in little buckets or look after their younger brothers and sisters. But when they are about eight they begin to do real work, and mother or grandmother instructs them in cooking, sewing

and other kinds of housework. Girls of ten can bake bread by themselves, and at fourteen they make their own clothes, shoes, fur *koltes* and leather garments, weave ribbons and spin sinew yarn.

Like all children, the little Lapps love to hear stories, and, despite all their work, the parents, grandparents, brothers and sisters find time to tell them about animals and men, magicians and stallos, bear hunts and perilous adventures. They are also taught songs, and they sing the old Lapp songs at all hours of the day and on all sorts of occasions.

They show a very tender interest in animals. They are firmly convinced, for instance, that their most faithful companion, the dog, understands everything they say to it. They often confide to it their secret troubles and play with it like a real companion.

Even the tiniest of them are familiar with the goats, the reindeer and the manifold bird-world of the Lapland mountains. The boys nevertheless steal the eggs of the beloved birds out of lonely nests.

Children are never forced to work. The parents assert that this is quite unnecessary because all the children like to help, the real work seems to them a matter of course and they enjoy it. They are very proud when anything they have done is especially successful.

There are no special jobs assigned to particular children and work time is not regulated. The life of the nomads leads them to do the things that are required as occasion arises, and periods of rest alternate with days of hard work.

If a child neglects a piece of work it is not punished, but gently admonished. On the other hand, the mother rewards the child when it has been especially diligent and obedient. The education given by the parents lacks all severe consequences, indeed severity altogether.

As the grown-ups assured us again and again, they hardly ever punish their children and never beat or scold them, and as we never saw them doing any of these things we tried

to find out how this method of education, based on kindness and gentleness, worked. We had to acknowledge that there were no disobedient or insubordinate children in Vaisaluokta. They were neither naughty nor disrespectful to their parents, their relationship with whom was one of loving comradeship. Above all, there was no resistance to the authority of the grown-ups, and this unswerving belief in authority—from tradition, not from indolence—is often the essential cause of the children's willingness to be guided. Long after they have grown up their attitude towards their parents is just as uncritical as towards all the traditional habits of life of their tribe. They cherish the old and the traditional—a characteristic rare among our young people.

At the same time the children are extraordinarily intelligent and eager to learn, as is shown by the great variety of sensible questions which they constantly address to parents and teachers.

This favourable estimate of the results of their education was confirmed by the teacher of the Nomad School at Vaisaluokta. She was of the opinion that the absence of outside influences was particularly good for the development of the Lapp children. She had often observed that children who, in one way or another, had come into contact with civilisation could not be fair to the requirements of nomad life and became difficult. They thought themselves cleverer than their parents, were shy of work and always ready to be in the opposition. The teacher told us that she once had to expel a Lapp girl from the school because she had been ruined by "Swedish influences" and was a menace to the other children on account of her "immorality."

As regards sexual enlightenment, this is never done by the parents, but by older brothers and sisters or by companions. The relations between the sexes are based on comradeship, and as a rule lead to nothing but innocent friendship. There is hardly such a thing as an illegitimate child.

At twenty-one a girl is grown up, but in very few cases does

she take advantage of the right to choose for herself. The deeply rooted respect and love for the parents influences the young people's conduct appreciably more than passion for the other sex. This disposition of the children remains with them when they are grown up. When they themselves have children they never leave the old people, and bring them the same care and kindness with which their parents treated them when they were small.

Attachment to the other members of the family is in the Mountain Lapps' blood. When the parents are dead, the unmarried brothers and sisters live with those who have married, until they can set up house for themselves. Thus Henrik Tomma, to whom one turf hut in Vaisaluokta belonged, had his blind brother living with him and the entire family circle joined in looking after the unfortunate man with loving consideration.

The units which go to make up a tribe are the clans, not the families. A life for two alone, separated from relatives, is out of the question. For it is only by supporting one another in a community that a people of herdsmen can brave the difficulties of life. The education of the children therefore aims less at the formation of individual character than at affection and sociability towards the other members of the tribe.

CHAPTER XIII

NOMAD CHILDREN GO TO SCHOOL

THE first time that Lapp children went to school it was to be trained as priests. This happened in the year 1606 under the stern rule of Charles IX. What took place may best be seen from a report sent to Stockholm by the man deputed by the King to recruit pupils.

“With considerable difficulty and in face of obstinate refusals from the Lapps I have found several boys to send to school in Uppsala according to His Majesty’s command. Two of them come from Ume Lappmark, four each from Pite Lappmark and Lule Lappmark and six from Torne Lappmark, sixteen in all. I have left six of these lads with the Governor of the Province in Torneå, to be sent south by ship in the summer, as I could not take so many with me on my long and laborious way overland. Of my ten charges one fell ill and had to stay behind. With the other nine I came as far as Helsingland to the court of the King’s vassal. There the two oldest suddenly disappeared. Despite the stormy weather I had the whole neighbourhood searched for them, but they were nowhere to be found. I left the remaining seven at the King’s Court in Valbo and instructed the vassal to have them fitted out with clothes and shoes and conveyed to Uppsala. I hope that they have arrived by now.”¹

These seven did actually arrive in Uppsala and some of them, perhaps, became priests. But all the rest, including the six left in Torneå, made good their escape back to their homes.

¹ Letter from Master Daniel Hiort to King Charles IX.

The next attempts to send Lapp children to school were somewhat more successful. In 1619 the pastor at Piteå translated Luther's Catechism and some prayers into the Lapp dialect of his district and put them together in a prayer-book. About the same time the first Lapp school was founded at Lyksele, in the southerly Ume Lappmark (the Lapps had not yet been forced into the northernmost parts of Sweden). This school, which could house a dozen half-grown boys, was hardly distinguishable from a seminary for priests. The boys lived in the parsonage and were there fed and clothed. Psalms were sung every morning, and the course of instruction, which lasted five years, comprised the learning by heart of the Catechism in Swedish and Lapp and of some of the Psalms of David. Later came a little Latin and Greek and a little writing and arithmetic. No practical subjects were taught.

It is very understandable that this sedentary life did not appeal particularly to the nomad boys, and the discipline of a boarding-school went clean against their nature. The incessant learning by heart could hardly increase their interest in lessons, but rather buried it, especially when the only notion of helping a bad memory or meagre industry was to use severe punishments and floggings.

So it came about that parents as well as children met anything that called itself school with fear and resistance, and were equal to any kind of dodge if only they could escape it. It often happened that parents helped their children to run away and were consequently condemned to heavy punishments by the moot. But in the long run compulsion and force miss their mark if a people is united. And the Lapps were all of one mind : they wanted to have nothing to do with such schools.

The first school law for the Lapps, which was passed in 1723, took account of their peculiarity to this extent, that schools were opened in several Lappmarks and the children, who only stayed two years at school, had not to be removed



Fig. 69. Per and Paulus Utsi enjoy rowing the heavy boat out on the lake.

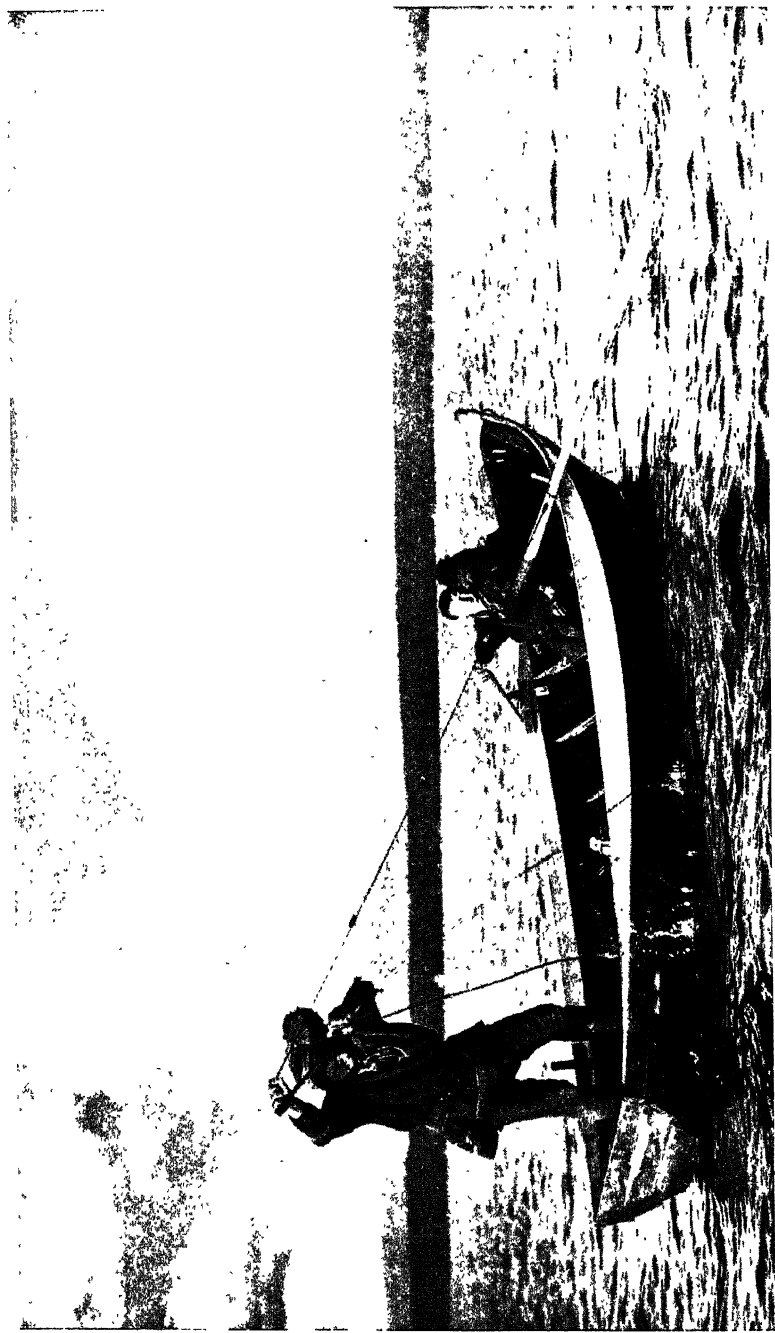


Fig. 70. The fishing-nets, which cut off wide bays in the lake, are examined every day and the char and trout caught in them are taken out.



Fig. 71. Mikkel Utsi refreshes himself with a drink of clear lake water.



Fig. 72. Dry hay is stuffed into the shoes before they are put on. The long trousers are then tied fast with coloured ribbons over the upper part of the shoes.

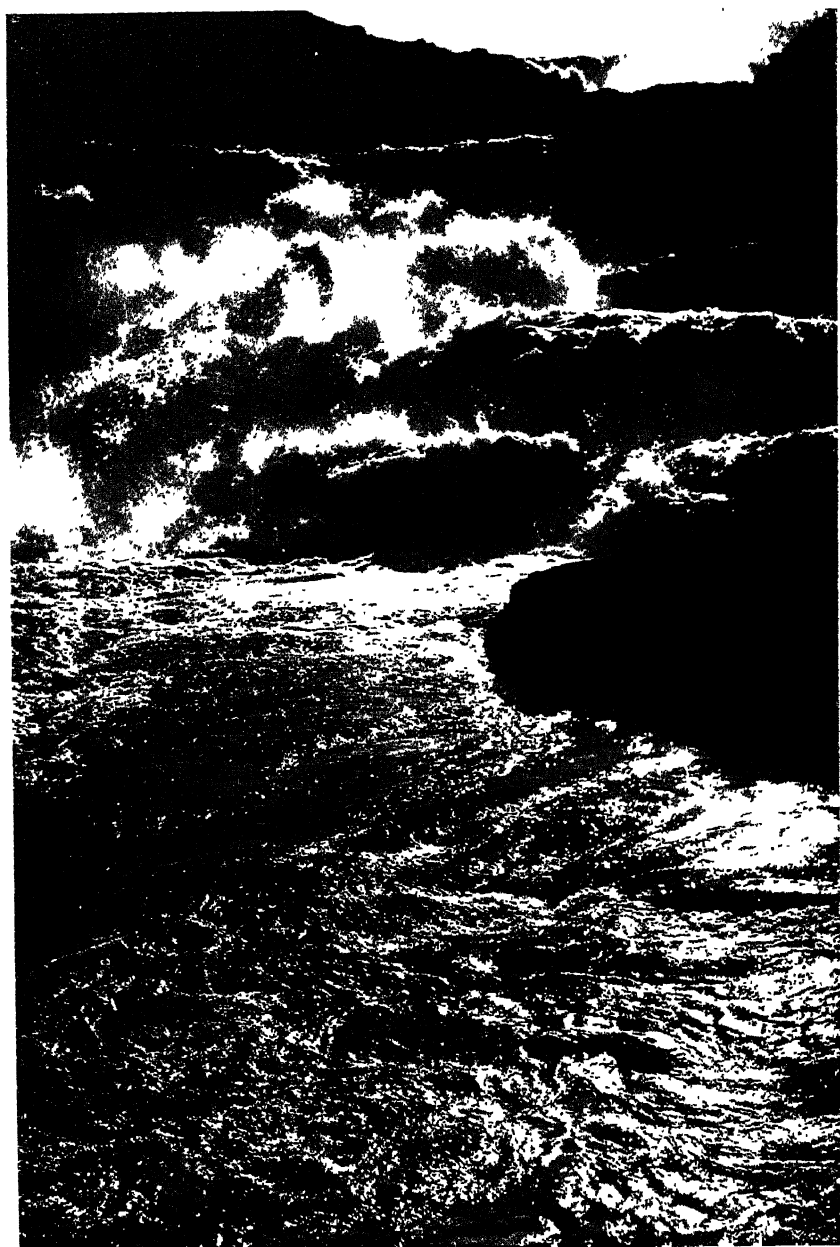


Fig. 73. Stora Sjöfallet, the great waterfall of the Lulejujaure, in the light of the midnight sun. The Lapps call it Adna Muorkekártje.

so far from their parents or separated from them for so long.

These schools underwent many changes and improvements in the course of the next two hundred years. But it was only a few children who received instruction, and down to the nineteenth century it was a difficult matter to persuade the Lapps to send their children to school.

With time the attempt was made to train a number of young Lapps so far that they could, if need arose, teach reading and writing and preach Christianity. These "wandering teachers" went from camp to camp, stayed for a few weeks and then passed on.

The text-books used in the Lapp schools at that time were Luther's Catechism, the Book of Psalms, the Old and New Testaments, Biblical history, Luther's Shorter Catechism with commentary, Bishop L. L. Laestadius's "Ancient Tales of God and Men," the Gospel according to St. Matthew, and finally a Swedish history and an arithmetic book. The children of the few Swedish settlers who were then to be found in the north attended the same schools as the Lapps.

From these first Lapp schools there developed what were called the "five-year schools," which had a regulated curriculum, were under the State and were supervised by a Nomad School Inspector. The children were well treated in these schools, which continued into the twentieth century, but some singular methods were used. For instance, the children had to learn their lessons in the early morning on an empty stomach. Only after they had done them might they go into the kitchen and fetch their morning soup, which the pastor's wife or the wife of the sexton handed out to those who could say their lesson by heart. The women tested them, and anybody who stuck so much as once had to go away with an empty bowl and work through his task again. Many a boy who had a bad memory by nature grew thin in the course of his schooldays without improving his memory.

The great disadvantage of these schools was that the

children were excluded from all work in the *sida* during their most receptive years. They learnt neither to tend reindeer nor to throw a lasso, they acquired no knowledge of how reindeers look and how they should be bred, of marking, breaking in and all the other things that belong to the life of the nomads. Besides, they adapted themselves so thoroughly to a settled existence in these five long years, and picked up so many of the farmers' habits through contact with the settlers, that they had no more use for the life of a reindeer Lapp, preferred to settle, too, and gave up the ways of their own people.

This unlucky development was arrested by the new Lapp School Law, which was devised on generous lines in 1925 and embraces all the Lapp children of Sweden. It lays a foundation for the preservation of nomad life. Unfortunately neither Norway, Finland nor Russia has taken similar measures to preserve the Lapps living in their territories.

The new Nomad Schools of Sweden are in every way adapted to the life of the Lapps. All the children have the opportunity of learning what they will require later on as reindeer-keepers, in addition to reading, writing and arithmetic.

Everywhere where a number of Lapp families are in the habit of camping for some time so-called "fixed schools" have been established. But there are also "wandering schools," which move with the *sida* and hold their classes in tents. The lessons are given by women teachers, who are carefully trained in special seminaries and are always of Lapp origin. Only one of their own people can give parents and children the confidence which successful work demands. Moreover, Swedes could not stand the homely, primitive life in a hut or moving tent for long.

I have seen many native schools in the tropics, and they have almost invariably failed because they have taught the natives things which, though very useful to know in Europe, are of no sort of use to the native children. When they

return to their villages they can read and write, but they have not learnt to fish, to weave baskets and to wrest the means of life from their wild environment.

The astonishing thing is that Sweden of all countries, a land that possesses no colonies, should have solved the thorny problem of civilising so admirably.

* * * *

Vaisaluokta was the seat of a "fixed school." Externally it was in no way different from the rest of the turf huts of the Lapps. It consisted of a school-hut, in which lessons were given, a hut for the teacher, and a third in which those children whose parents migrated to the mountains for the summer months lived under the care of a matron. The parents were pleased that their children were not obliged to take part in the arduous wanderings and were well housed in the school for several months.

Stina Isakson, the teacher at Vaisaluokta, was a Kare-suando Lapp. From May to September she kept school in Vaisaluokta, and from November onwards at Porjus, near the winter encampment of the Karesuando and Jokkmokk Lapps. She was altogether a hearty and clever young woman, and we were grateful to her for many explanations of the children's education and the school arrangements. She maintained strict rule over her charges, but with so much motherly care and cheerfulness that one could easily understand her popularity with large and small.

She allowed us to attend her lessons as often as we wished and we thoroughly enjoyed it. The children of seven to twelve were divided into three classes and the lessons were given in much the same way as in our country schools. While the little ones scribbled their letters, the middle class read and the older ones learnt a chapter of their text-book for themselves. Then the oldest were taken for a lesson and the others meanwhile given something to do, and so on.

The little nomads sat there in their coloured frocks, their Lapp shoes, their leather belts with beaten brass buttons, and

Some of the children lived in the huts of their parents or relatives in Vaisaluokta, but most of them lived in the school. All the habits of Lapp life were maintained. They slept with Anna Lisa (Fig. 81), the little matron (who also belonged to the Karesuando tribe), on their own skins in the dwelling hut, which was arranged in the way they were used to at home.

Although she was only sixteen, Anna Lisa ran the house like a little mother. She cooked groats, goat's milk and reindeer meat, baked bread and saw to it that the children ate their meals properly. She made them brush their shoes and clothes every morning, put the place in order, wash themselves and comb their hair. Anna Lisa set great store by cleanliness, hygiene and discipline, and it was striking how well the children obeyed her and how fresh they looked when they poured into the school-hut in the morning like a wild horde of young foals.

Whenever the weather and the plague of gnats allowed, Stina Isakson taught in the open air under the Swedish flag (Fig. 74). The red tassels danced in the wind, the little eyes sparkled in the sun, the lake and the snowy mountains lay calm and peaceful around the group of children as they sat before their teacher on the ground. When they sang, they knelt down. Their fresh, pure childish voices rang out over the countryside, and in a moving minor key praised "God's beautiful world on which the sun rises when the children go to school," and "The mountains that gleam," and "The mountain flowers and little birds."

In their spare time the children may do what they like. Their work leaves them plenty of time to row with Anna Lisa on the beautiful lake (Figs. 83, 84), to build on the shore, to play and, above all, to exercise their active limbs on the large space before the school-hut in wild games of touch. Or they play cat and mouse (Fig. 86) and laugh and shout and slip cleverly under the upraised arms. They never let a

boy be cat when the mouse is a girl, or the mouse would be caught too quickly.

The superior strength and physical skill of the boys is much more noticeable in the games of the Lapp children than among our children of similar age. When the boys start scrapping the girls run away nervously, and they have no desire to be their physical equals.

When we asked what their favourite game was, the children all answered, "Reindeer!" The reindeer is the boys' idol. Nothing fascinates them more, nothing captures their young imaginations and desires more than the idea of one day being big enough to tend the herd.

It is a real joy to watch the Lapp children playing this game (Figs. 87-90). Some of them are the reindeer, others the dogs who bark loudly and chase around, and one of them the herdsman who catches the reindeer with his lasso and marks them. This lasso has the same finely carved bone handle, and altogether the same appearance as those of the grown-ups, only it is suited to the size of the little cowboy. He wields it with extraordinary skill, and very soon the head, arm or leg of a "reindeer" is in the noose (Fig. 88). The boy who is caught struggles with might and main, behaves like a stubborn buck, lowers his head to butt and shakes his imaginary antlers. In the end he falls and is pressed to the ground by the "herdsman," who sits astride the "buck," masters him till he groans under the weight of his vanquisher, motionless and resigned to his fate. The herdsman takes a little knife from his side, pulls the captured boy's ear triumphantly from under his cap and pretends to cut his mark in it (Fig. 90). The marked "reindeer" is released, but separated from the rest of the "herd," that is to say, the prisoner cannot play any more. And so, with merry laughter, the game goes on.

When a girl is caught it often happens that she begins to cry when she sees the drawn knife above her. The boys are

very careful not to hurt a reindeer girl. When, nevertheless, tears come they laugh contemptuously, and they told us that they prefer to play reindeer without girls.

Thus the children's play leads on to serious work, and the little boys and girls turn into proper reindeer-keepers and good Lapp women.



Fig. 74. Lapp boys hoisting the Swedish flag. Although the new School Law endeavours to strengthen the racial consciousness of the little nomads, the fact is impressed upon them that they are citizens of the Swedish State.



Fig. 75. The Lapp School at Vaisaluokta. On the right the children's dwelling-hut, on the left the school-hut. The teacher's hut lies behind the latter, and is therefore not seen in this picture.



Fig. 76. The school-hut is, from the outside, in no way different from the dwelling-huts of the Karesuando Lapps. The goats use the steep turf walls for their climbing practice.



Fig. 77. School is out. The Lapp teacher, Stina Isakson, dismisses her charges.



Fig. 78. In fine weather lessons are held outside. The three youngest are now having their turn and, kneeling before the teacher, are spelling Swedish words.

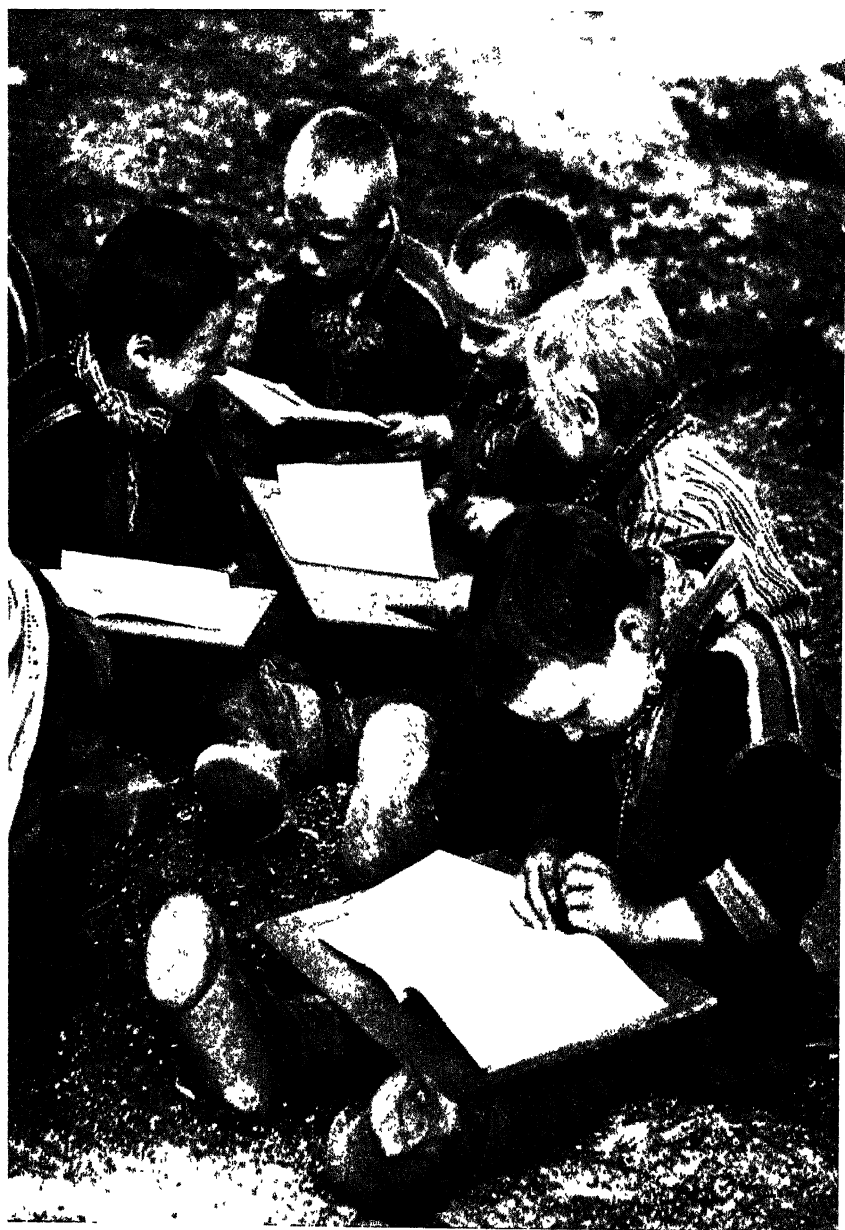


Fig. 79. Five little nomads facing a problem in arithmetic. One is trying to solve it, one has finished it and the two in the middle are playing the fool.



Fig. 80. The little girls are serious about their work and do not need to be reprimanded so often as the boys. They support their exercise-books on a cork mat.



Fig. 81. Sixteen-year-old Anna Lisa, who looks after the boarders like a mother.

PART III

•

CHAPTER XIV
LAPP TALES

THE Stallo is the chief of all monsters. He is strong and brave, but stupid and easily fooled by a Lapp. Yet he is not simply a silly old giant; he has human form and lives exactly as the Lapps do. He is to be met with everywhere and many are the stories that are told of him, his wife Rutagis and his children. The following are some of them.

THE FIGHT WITH THE GIANT

One day a Stallo laid nets in the forest to catch some Lapp children who were practising ski-ing on a little hill. Their father had observed this and devised a plan to outwit the wicked Stallo. He dipped his *kolte* and his fur in water, put them on, went to the nets and fixed himself in them. When the Stallo came to see after the nets he found the Lapp frozen fast in them. He released him and carried him to his hut. As he drew near he called to his wife, "To-day is a good slaughtering day and we're going to have a fine meal," and the two of them felt very pleased. They hung the frozen Lapp in the smoke-hole to thaw before they cut him up. The Stallo said, "I'm going out to carve a large bowl," and he went out before the hut. His little son noticed all of a sudden that the Lapp was still alive and told his mother that the Lapp's eyes moved. Rutagis answered, "That's all right. Father will be back soon." The Lapp thawed meanwhile and was able to move and set himself free. While he hung up there and looked round the Stallo's hut he had observed that Rutagis wore a loose eye as an eyeglass and that she had just put it aside. He quickly struck the Stallo's

son dead, took the loose eye and threw it into the fire. Rutagis heard it burning and said, "Oh dear, my eye is burning." She fell upon the Lapp, but he killed her and cooked the Stallo's child and ate it.

All this time the Stallo was working hard and said to himself, "I carve and carve so long that I am quite hump-backed." When he had finished he opened the door of his hut and looked inside. The Lapp hurled the big pot in his face, so that the Stallo was blinded. There was now a fight and the Lapp killed the Stallo and took all his possessions.

THE CLEVER LAPP

A Lapp was once dragging a heavy fir trunk home, when a Stallo came and offered to help him. The question was, who should carry the light end and who the heavy one. The Lapp said that the top was much heavier than the roots. The Stallo did not believe it and tried to drag the tree by the top. But he was pulling against the branches so that it was too heavy for him. When he now pulled the heavy root-end it seemed to him lighter, and in this way he dragged the tree alone, while the Lapp sat on the branches and let himself be pulled.

The Stallo then proposed that they should throw his ice-chopper to see who could throw it the higher. The chopper was so heavy that the Lapp could scarcely lift it. But he agreed. The Stallo threw it so high that it almost went out of sight. It was now the Lapp's turn. He said he was quite willing to do it, but he must know if the Stallo did not need his chopper any more, because he would throw it so high that it would stick to the clouds. The Stallo would not have that and forbade him to throw the chopper.

When they sat down to eat groats the Lapp wanted to make a bet who could eat the groats hottest. The Stallo agreed and they soon had a huge, steaming bowl before them. Both of them ladled and ladled and soon the groats were all eaten up. But the Lapp had not eaten any. He had filled a sack

which he had hidden under his clothes. The Stallo, on the other hand, had burnt himself and eventually his whole stomach fell out and melted. The sly Lapp then took possession of the Stallo's full bag of money.

THE LEGEND OF NJONJA AND HIS TWO SONS

Once upon a time there was an old Lapp called Njonja and he had two sons. They were hunters and wandered with bow and arrow over the mountains. One evening, when the pair of them had lit two fires, there came a big, strong troll with thick, black hair. When the young men saw him they sprang behind the first fire, but the evil creature put it out. They sprang behind the second, but the monster put it out, too, caught them and devoured them, hair and all.

Njonja went out into the mountains to seek his sons. When he found the fires he saw what had happened and wept bitterly.

He then made three large fires and fetched more and more fir-wood. When it grew dark he saw a shape approaching. It was tall and had thick, dark hair. It was the troll. Njonja was afraid and sprang behind the first fire, but the troll put it out. He sprang behind the second fire, but the troll put it out too. He sprang behind the third fire and this the monster could only half extinguish. They then came to grips. The whole night through they fought, but neither had the advantage. Then Njonja said to the monster, "The sun is rising." The troll looked behind him at the sun and Njonja threw him to the ground. He asked him, "What have you done with my sons?" "I have eaten them," the troll replied. "You must pay me," said Njonja. The troll then spat them out and they were whole. Njonja commanded the troll to give them back their lives, but the troll could not. "I'll drag you to the fire and throw you in," said Njonja. The troll then promised to give him his beautiful young daughter as a wife, who would bear him two new sons. Njonja let the troll go and he brought him

his daughter. Njonja then laid the bodies of his two sons in the fire and burnt them.

Njonja threw steel over the troll maiden to make her a real human being and took her as his wife. But when people came to see his new wife their bellies burst, their eyes fell out and their arms and legs dropped off. When she milked the reindeer hinds she tied their muzzles up high and whipped them. Her husband said, "If you don't stop beating the hinds, I'll turn your back to the sun." She implored him, "My dear little Njonja, don't turn my back to the sun. I don't want the sun to shine on my back."

When Njonja's wife grew old and felt that she would soon die she said to her sons, "I will come to you after my death and help you with your work, but you must never put the tops of fir trees in the fire." When she was dead her sons went hunting and shot bears and all kinds of other animals and birds. In the evening they lit a fire and placed the carcasses and their shoes near it and went to sleep. In the morning the shoes were dry, the animals roasted and prepared.

From that time on the other men could not catch any game. However often they went hunting they always returned home without so much as seeing anything. When they remarked what luck the troll woman's sons had they were angry and threw the tops of fir trees in their fire. Next morning the troll woman appeared to her sons and wept: "Oh, my sons, you have burnt my breast. I can no longer visit you and you will have to do all your work yourselves." And now all the animals which they placed by the fire overnight froze.

Njonja's sons then killed their companions, because they had burnt their mother's breast. But they never saw the daughter of the trolls again.

THE STALLO AND THE LAPP MAIDEN

A Lapp had a daughter who helped him to tend the reindeer. One day the girl began, as soon as she entered the

hut, to turn the door round so that the cross pieces looked to the outside. The mother said to her husband, so that the girl could not hear, "It seems to me that our daughter is consorting with a Stallo. I can see it from the door." The father then hid near the place where the girl tended the herd. And he saw how she met a Stallo, who came from the other side of the great river. He picked her up and carried her across it. After they had been away for a long time they came back and the Stallo carried the girl across the water again. The father then fell upon the Stallo and tried to kill him. They fought, but neither could overcome the other. As they were struggling the Stallo suddenly bit the Lapp in the shoulder. (A Stallo's mouth reaches from ear to ear.) The Lapp cried, "Oh hell! he's killing me! Now, my daughter, help the one you love most!" The girl loved her father most, took her scissors and stabbed the Stallo in the stomach, so that he died.

When the father got back to the village with his daughter, he took a stick, pulled the girl's knickers off, and thrashed her as hard as he could. She vomited and everyone saw that she had eaten lizards and other horrible dainties. The girl moaned, "If I had known this, I'd have helped the Stallo, for he was a good fellow."

(It is said that the food of the Stallos is so made that a human girl who marries one of them is turned into a real monster.)

THE GIANT WHO HID HIS LIFE IN A HEN'S EGG

Once upon a time there was a woman whose husband had had a feud for seven years with a giant and finally been killed by him. She then had to become the giant's wife. But she had a son by her husband, who, when he grew up, thought of nothing else but to avenge his father. But, whatever he did, he could not contrive to hurt the giant. It was as though he could find no life in the giant.

"Dear mother," the lad said one day, "do you not know

where the giant has hidden his life ? ” The mother did not know, but she promised to try to find out. And one day when the giant was in a good temper she asked him where he had hidden his life. “ Why do you want to know ? ” he answered. “ Well, if you or I should be in danger one day, it would be good to know whether your life was really in safety.” So the giant said, “ Out there in a burning sea there lies an island, on that island is a barrel, in the barrel is a sheep, in the sheep is a hen, in the hen is an egg, and in this egg is my life.”

When the mother told her son this he said, “ I will hire some helpers to get across the burning sea.” And he went and hired a bear, a wolf, a cock and a diver and set out upon the burning sea. He himself sat in an iron tent with the cock and the diver, while the bear and the wolf had to row. That is the reason why the bear has dark brown hair and the wolf dark brown patches. They both got burnt as they rowed across the burning sea.

They came to the island where the giant’s life was hidden. When they had found the barrel, the bear beat on it with his paw till the bottom caved in. Out of the barrel a sheep leapt, but the wolf pursued it and killed it. Out of the sheep flew a hen, but the cock flew after it and bit it till it was dead. In the hen was an egg, but the egg fell into the sea. The diver dived after it. The first time it could not find it and had to come up to the surface for air. The second time it failed again, and it was only the third time that it found the egg at the bottom of the sea and brought it to the lad.

The lad made a big fire on the island, and when the fire was flaming high he threw the egg into it. He then rowed home with his companions. There he saw that the giant was burning like the egg out there on the island. His mother said to him, “ I thank you, my dear son, for freeing me from the giant.” The giant said, “ I was mad to tell my wicked wife the secret of my life.” He then wanted to take the iron

tube through which he used to suck blood from human beings, but his wife had put it in the fire, and when the giant sucked, glowing embers and ashes and fire came out of it. So he burnt inside and outside, and when the egg on the island was quite burnt up the giant also died. The mother and son, however, left that place and took the giant's wealth with them.

STORIES OF THE ULDAS

The lakes in which uldas live are called *saiva* lakes. They are very peculiar. Sometimes one can catch an enormous quantity of fish and at other times none at all, because the uldas are keeping them all for themselves. One must then throw a piece of money into the lake, but without making any noise and only whispering softly, so as not to annoy the uldas.

* * * *

A young Lapp once led his herd near the Bratberg, which is a *saiva* mountain. While the herd was resting at night he heard various noises sounding from the mountain, like the stamping of reindeer hoofs and the grunting of fawns. The Lapp imagined that his herd had run away, took his dogs and ran after them up the mountain in the direction from which he had heard the noise. The herd seemed to run farther and farther away and he could not overtake it. He now looked on the ground for the reindeer's tracks, but could not find any. He turned back and found his herd peacefully resting in the same place where he had left them. It was a herd belonging to the uldas that had made the noise. They sometimes mislead a herdsman in this way and bring him to destruction.

But when a Lapp actually sees one of the uldas' herds he must immediately throw steel over himself, a knife for instance, or else brass rings. They will then become real reindeer, which he may keep.

* * * *

Two young men were once guarding a herd of reindeer on the shores of the Morsjö. Two women came to them with long black plaits and clothes of reindeer leather. They wanted to stay the night with them and watch the herd, they said. One of the young men was quite agreeable, the other refused the women's request. The women then departed and cursed the unfriendly youth, so that he died soon afterwards. The other became rich and his reindeer multiplied more and more.

* * * *

A young Lapp once met an ulda maiden in the mountains. She was so beautiful that he threw his knife over her. So she became his and they married. To start with they could not understand each other, but with time he taught her to speak. He wanted her to be baptised, but the daughter of the uldas would have none of it. She told him that she was expecting a rich inheritance, and took him to a certain place where he would see the inheritance. He had to lay his head in her lap, go to sleep and not look up. He heard the roaring and stamping of a mighty herd and now he might look up. The herd that he saw was so enormous that he could not see the whole of it : so much wealth did the daughter of the uldas bring him ! But she was of such a disposition that he always had to do as she wished !

THE LAPP AND THE MAGIC DRUM

Unnatj the Lapp was a magician. But he had hidden his magic drum under a stone in a crevice of the rocks because he had given up practising magic. Another Lapp learnt this, and as he came by in early summer he went to the crevice, took the drum in his hand and said to himself, " If I take this drum I shall perhaps be able to practise magic." But then he thought again, " I shall then become the devil's servant and my soul will go to hell where the yellow fire burns," and he put the drum back under the stone. He wandered on with his *sida* to their summer camping ground and stayed

there several weeks. During the night before the *sida* was to move again the Lapp was guarding the herd. Just as the sun rose a well-dressed Swedish gentleman came to him and said, "Take Unnatj's drum. I'll teach you to practise magic." But the Lapp replied, "I don't want to give my soul to the devil." The fine gentleman then became angry and fell upon the Lapp. Suddenly the Lapp heard a voice above him saying, "Take reindeer dung and put it on your head and the stranger will not be able to see you!" As soon as the Lapp had put reindeer dung on his head the fine gentleman leapt aside, looked this way and that, but could not see the other, although it was a flat plain where they were, without so much as a clump of willow bushes. Then the dung fell from the Lapp's head and the stranger saw him, ran after him and tried again to persuade him.

In the meantime the Lapp's dog had run away, collected the herd and driven them up. Then the Lapp heard the voice from above speaking to him again, "Run into the herd and hide among the reindeer so that this enemy can't see you!" The dog drove the herd in a circle round the Lapp who, as he noticed that his enemy held something like a bow and arrow in his hand and was aiming at him, ducked behind the reindeer. The stranger did not come into the herd. But then the dog drove the reindeer to one side and the Lapp was uncovered. The stranger shot an arrow at him. The Lapp felt the arrow graze his hand and saw it flying straight at the strongest untamed buck of the herd. He caught the hard sound as it struck the animal and then saw and heard nothing more.

That day the *sida* moved on. As those who went with the herd led it to the huts in the evening the strong untamed buck died at its resting-place as if it had been shot. And at the same time the Lapp felt a sharp pain in his hand, so that he could sleep neither night nor day. He had to carry his hand in a sling the whole summer and autumn and only then did it get better.

THE MAGICIAN'S APPRENTICE

Some twenty years ago there lived in Arvidsjaure a *noiade* who could still the blood at a distance. He could foretell the future from liquor and see in liquor what illness a sick man was suffering from and where the thief was when something had been stolen. He healed the sick and forced the thief to give back what he had stolen. In his old age he grew tired of his art and wished to pass it on, for he must not die without teaching it to another. He found a young man who wanted to learn the art, took him one night to the church and stood with him before the church door. They listened and heard uncanny sounds inside the church. The apprentice was frightened and fled. Suddenly the church doors opened of their own accord and grave danger faced the *noiade*, for the one within who had made the noises was exceedingly angry that he had not succeeded in winning a new follower.

THE TWO BROTHERS

The Lapps depict the difference between them and the Swedish population in the following little legend. Jubmel, the Supreme Being, created two brothers. At the beginning they stayed together. Then came a snowstorm. The one hid himself—from him the Swedes are descended. The other braved the snowstorm without fear—he is the ancestor of the Lapps.

OLD STORIES

In Pite Lappmark they tell the following stories of the time when there was strife between them and the Swedes :—

A King of Sweden decided to root out all the Lapps and gave orders to his priests to collect them in church on a feast day and burn them. The priest's wife wanted to warn the Lapps, but she could not speak Lapp. She said to a Lapp woman, "To-morrow you will be burnt." The old Lapp woman did not understand her and said to the other Lapps, "Morkon prännapränna." Nobody understood it. When

on Sunday morning all the Lapps of the district were assembled in the church, they were surprised that the priest and the sexton left the church. A bundle of burning straw fell inside and the whole church was set on fire. They were surrounded by guards, so that no one could get out. The old people said to three young men, "Do you want to perish too?" Whereat the three tried to escape by a window. As they jumped over the bars one of them was shot, but the other two got away. They took their bows and hid in the street which all those who had tried to kill the Lapps would have to pass. They shot them all with their arrows, captured the priest and tortured him before killing him. They threw the bodies of the dead into the lake. They spared the priest's wife because she had tried to warn the Lapps.

* * * *

When the first Swede came to Glommersträsk the Lapps felt some anxiety. They had had to flee again and again and would have liked to remain here. And they expected nothing but hostility from the Swedes. In the evening one Lapp lit a large fire for the night. He then took a block of wood, dressed it up in his *kolte* and arranged it so that it looked like a man, put it near the fire and hid himself near by. Before long he heard a shot and the bullet had gone through the wood and his *kolte*. He now lay down by the fire and slept peacefully through the night. In the morning, when he had eaten and had his coffee, he went to the house of the Swede, who was still asleep. The Lapp woke him and said, "You killed me last night, this evening I'm going to kill you." He showed him the hole in his *kolte*, which he had smeared with blood. The Swede supposed that it was a ghost and implored his mercy. The Lapp took pity on him and let him live.

THE FIGHT AGAINST THE TSCHOUDS

Many legends tell of the fights against a wild robber people, the Tschouds.

The Tschouds used to rob the Lapps in order to force them to show them the way. In late autumn, when the nights had turned darker, a clever young Lapp hatched a plan for sending them to destruction. The Lapps were at the time on their way back from the mountains and were camping on the Vuorektjåkko, where they had lit their fires. The Lapp purposely let himself be captured by the Tschouds and led them from the west over the Räkker, which falls steeply towards the Vuorek. When the Tschouds saw the fire of the Lapp encampment they were delighted to have at last reached the enemy, hurried forward and in the darkness failed to see the valley that lay between them and the Lapps. Their guide went ahead, carrying a *kolte* over his arm. Talking carelessly the while, he struck a light with his tinder and set fire to the *kolte*. When he came to the edge of the precipice he threw the burning *kolte* over, jumped aside and vanished in the darkness. The Tschouds followed the fire, which they supposed the guide to be still carrying, and one after another fell over the precipice and lay smashed to pieces below. As the last man was about to go over the Lapp held him back and saved him, to tell the story of the disaster. The Lapps on the other side of the valley heard the cries and knew that the plan had succeeded. They sent the survivor to the other Tschouds and told him to say, "If you want to see the disaster on the Räkker, come here!" The Tschouds were afraid and departed.

* * * *

Once, in late autumn, the Lapps laid a trap for the Tschouds. They piled tree trunks and heavy stones at the top of a steep cliff which was covered by a frozen waterfall. Above stood a few huts in which, among others, lived a family with a little girl. The Tschouds' guide, a Lapp, led them under this precipitous wall, pointed up to the Lapp camp and got them to cut footholds in the ice to climb up.

The sentry of the Lapp camp had not seen this, but the little girl, who was sitting alone playing, noticed it and said,

“The old dog is climbing and stumbling.” When she had called these words out several times a Lapp heard her and saw that the steep cliff was black with men who were climbing it. One of the assailants was on the point of reaching the top. The Lapps then hurled the rocks and tree trunks down and slew all the Tschouds.

THE LEGEND OF THE HAZEL-HEN

The hazel-hen was formerly such a large bird that it thundered and boomed as it rose. When the Lord still walked on the earth it happened that a hazel-hen rose beside His path and the Lord started at the thunder.

When the Lord saw that this thunder was caused by a mere hazel-hen He said, “This will never do. The hazel-hen is too big ; it startles everybody.” And He took pieces of the hazel-hen and gave them to other creatures. And to this day these creatures have their bits of hazel-hen flesh. In the reindeer it is in the shoulder, a little muscle in the shoulder blade. In the fish it is a small round piece of whitish flesh which lies on both sides of the head near the gills. Thus the hazel-hen became much smaller than before and is to-day quite small. But it still makes a great fuss when it rises so that you might think it was a large bird.

WHEN THE ELK WAS STILL TAME

In earlier times the Lapps kept the elk as a domestic animal. It was an old woman who complained that the elk always stayed too near the hut. She asked the Lord for another tame animal. When the Lord heard that she was dissatisfied with the elk, He gave it its freedom again and the Lapps got the reindeer, which leaps over mountain and valley and is very troublesome to watch.

THE FOX AND THE HARE

One day the fox said to the hare, “You have terribly long ears !” The hare answered, “Yes, but that is all that I

have.” And so the fox discovered that the hare is not dangerous and ate him up.

THE HARE AND THE REINDEER

Formerly the hare and the reindeer were cousins and both of them lived in the company of men. Once in conversation the hare said, “The lady of the house is unkind and hits me with the milk-can.” The reindeer answered, “The lady of the house is kind and never hits me.” The hare then ran away into the forest, but the reindeer stayed with man.

THE BEAR AND THE HORSE

When the Lord still walked on the earth He came once to a great river. There He saw the horse and the bear on the bank and asked the horse, “Will you carry Me across?” The horse said, No, he would not. The Lord then asked the bear, and the bear was willing and carried the Lord across the river. So the Lord loved the bear and gave him a pleasant life. He lets him sleep all through the winter and eat only when necessary. But to the horse a hard life was given. He must always work for men and must always be eating and has little time for sleep. This is his punishment because he would not carry the Lord across the river.



Fig. 82. Marja Pilto is a shy little girl ; she hides whenever we come into the hut.



Fig. 83. It is great fun to row on the smooth lake with Anna Lisa when school is over . . .



Fig. 84. . . . and to pull the boat ashore.



Fig. 85. Three charming Lapp boys carefully trying their grip.

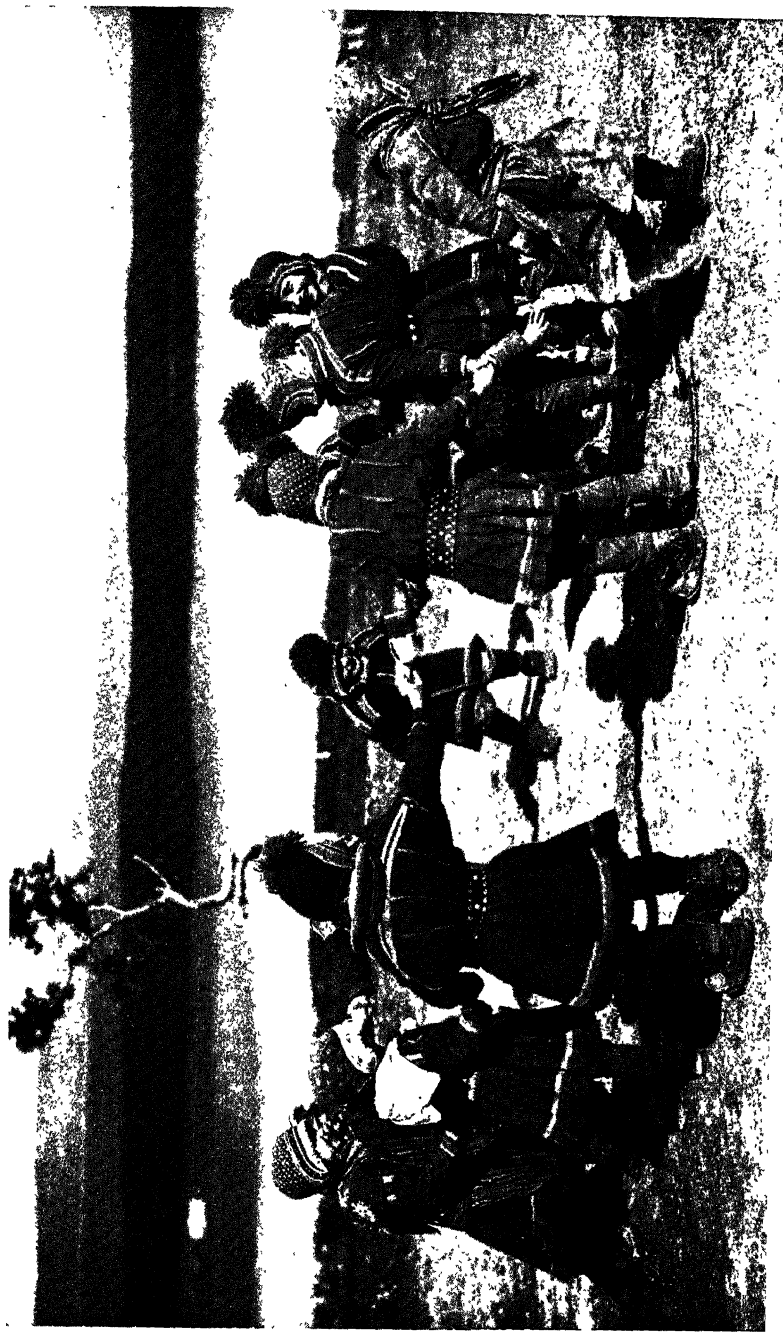


Fig. 86. Cat and mouse is a favourite game among the Lapp children. The red woollen tassels dance gaily in the air.



Fig. 87. Lapp children playing reindeer. Just as at a proper muster, the lasso flies through the air and the reindeer tries to escape.

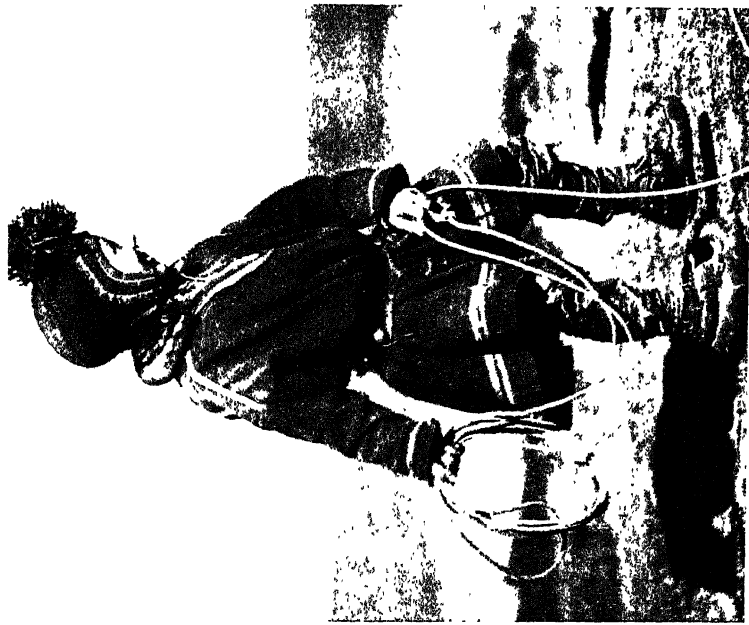


Fig. 88. The future reindeer-keeper has his eye on a "reindeer." (Compare Fig. 4.)



Fig. 89. He has now got him in the noose and is triumphant. No stamping and shouting can help the "reindeer."



Fig. 90. The "reindeer" is pressed to the ground and must submit to being "marked." The future expert must practise young !

PART IV

CHAPTER XV

NOMADS SETTLE DOWN

It is not very long ago that the Swedish State vigorously set about civilising the Lapps. They succeeded without too much difficulty, since to the Lapps, as to so many primitive peoples, civilisation meant nothing else than ease and comfort. Anyone who has become acquainted with the hard struggle for existence and the heavy toil of reindeer-keeping knows that it was not indolence, a quality falsely attributed to the Lapps, that made them glad to give up their rough nomad life. It seemed no bad exchange : instead of tending huge herds in the wet and cold and storms of the inhospitable mountains, instead of gaining a bare existence wandering in almost woodless regions, to live in a solid hut with a warm stove and cultivate a plot of earth ! Even to-day an iron stove is the dream of every Lapp woman. Whoever has known the trials of keeping a fire of scanty, damp birchwood alight day and night will understand this longing.

Many Lapps thus settled down and became good, tax-paying citizens of a village community. They mixed with the Swedish farmers and settlers and were lost to nomad life.

Not at once, but in the course of some decades, the consequences were apparent. The Lapps, especially the children who had become sedentary, died of tuberculosis. Their constitution had been adapted through thousands of years to a nomad life and could not cope with their utterly changed circumstances. Furthermore, they grew lazy and began to interest themselves more and more in alcohol and cinemas, and less and less in the reindeer, which escaped to the distant forests and turned wild. The Swedish Government

then saw that the advantage of acquiring a few new farmers did not compensate for the loss which the State incurred through the decay of reindeer-keeping. In this area the northern climate and the nature of the soil make other kinds of farming impossible, and reindeer-keeping represents an important part of the nation's economic life.

After this the attitude towards the Lapps changed fundamentally. New grazing laws were framed, the Lapps were accorded specially favourable treatment in the matter of taxes, and everything was done to preserve the nomadic life on which reindeer-keeping depended. To-day the total number of reindeer in Sweden alone is estimated to be some 250,000 head. The State buys a considerable number annually or appropriates them as taxes and exports reindeer meat, antlers, leather and furs to all the countries of the globe.

The practical and economic importance of reindeer-keeping has been recognised, and the Lapps have now no cause to complain that the Government takes no interest in them.

On the other hand, a variety of circumstances make their struggle for existence more difficult. Along with civilisation and the technical development of the north, more and more farmers and colonists push their way into the land of the Lapps. Steamships and motor launches ply on the lakes. Express trains and motor cars travel from the south to the farthest north. Millions of tree trunks float down the valleys, along the lakes and rivers, towards the coast. The noise of blasting echoes through the silent forests, huge mines come into being and attract people. The soil is cultivated, villages, stores and towns grow up on the old pasture land of the reindeer. Vast areas that used to belong solely to the Lapps and their herds are now the lands of the new settlers, assigned to them by the State. The Lapps are forced into ever smaller areas, which do not furnish their reindeer with enough food. The bleak mountains are their last exclusive possession.

Only in those parts where dangers and difficulties abound has nothing changed for thousands of years, and there the life of the wandering Lapps goes on the same as ever. The same tracks lead from mountain to forest, from forest to mountain. But if the Lapps descend into the valleys in winter, disputes often break out with the farmers, when the reindeer graze on the strangers' land and eat their hay, or when the Lapps fell trees that no longer belong to them. They are then sued for compensation and often have to pay large sums. Yet they can hardly avoid damaging the fields in this way.

It frequently happens that the farmers' dogs hunt the reindeer which have been driven together in the forests and kill numbers of them. A horde of blood-thirsty dogs often ravages a herd worse than a pack of wolves. Although the law nowadays tries to help the Lapps to get their rights, the Swedish settlers mostly have the upper hand, because they are quicker to take legal action than the Lapps, who are of old accustomed to look after their own interests and provide their own justice.

The Swedish Government attempted to appease the strife between settlers and Lapps by admitting no fresh settlers above the limit of agriculture. But this plan proved impracticable, because the course of that boundary varies considerably in the different Lappmarks and it was impossible to come to an agreement with the colonists who had already settled.

In whatever way the authorities tried to mitigate the conflict between the nomad way of life and that of the farmers, they were forced to the sad conclusion that it is inevitable. As everywhere where the old comes into contact with the new, so it is here : the survival of the old is threatened by the flood of new ideas and inventions and new aims which change the whole form of human life at one stroke.

The saying of Linnæus, who was an enthusiastic friend and student of the Lapps, that " the Lapp is born to suffer as the

bird is to fly," dates from a time when this brave nomad people had to bear inhuman sufferings and seemed doomed to extinction. To-day there is once more reason for hope. But whether the efforts to make good what has been lost have not begun too late only time will show.

In any case, the Lapp is doing all that is in his power. He is not, despite his peaceableness, a man without a will of his own and without conviction. His racial consciousness rests not only on native instinct, but on knowledge. It is characteristic of his attitude that, when a wrong has been done him, he procures justice for himself or else goes to the King, straight to the King of Sweden, for he has no faith in intermediaries. Even at the present day it is no uncommon sight to see a Lapp in his blue *kolte* waiting in the audience chambers of the royal palace at Stockholm, and he is received.

May the Lapps only adopt from our civilisation what is really of use to them, but otherwise continue bravely to defend their independence. May they long wander with their herds, as their ancestors of inconceivably distant times came to the country behind the wild reindeer. For only when he is wandering does the Mountain Lapp feel well; he grows quiet and ill when the fresh air ceases to blow about his head. And so it is that, not only the reindeer, but the Lapp, too, gets restless at the first warm ray of the spring sun, that he stirs himself and stretches and seeks the open air, that his limbs desire no further rest and his heart yearns for the great, wide world of the mountains. As he starts out with wife and child and all his goods, he sings his songs and steels himself to brave every difficulty and the rigour of nature. For then he is master of his hard life.

THE END

CONCLUDING NOTE

THIS book is the outcome of an expedition to Swedish Lapland undertaken with my wife in 1934. I have tried to give the reader as full an insight as possible into the life of these last northern nomads of Europe, and, in particular, to introduce him to the character and culture of the Mountain Lapps, who maintain their existence as herdsmen in the mountains of their strange native land, cut off from all that happens in the world.

I have considerably amplified our own experiences by reference to the existing Swedish literature. This applies especially to the historical and religious parts of the book. I should like to mention the following sources : Harald Grundström, *Anta Pirak : en Nomad och hans liv* (Uppsala, 1933) ; Karl Eric Forsslund, *Som gäst hos Fjällfolket* (Stockholm, 1914) ; Torsten Kolmodin, *Lapperna och deras Land* (Stockholm, 1914) ; K. B. Wiklund, *Nomadskolans Läsebok* (Uppsala, 1921).

For my photography I used Zeiss-Ikon cameras with Zeiss lenses and Agfa negatives. My tent and collapsible boat equipment were supplied by the firm of Klepper, of Rosenheim.

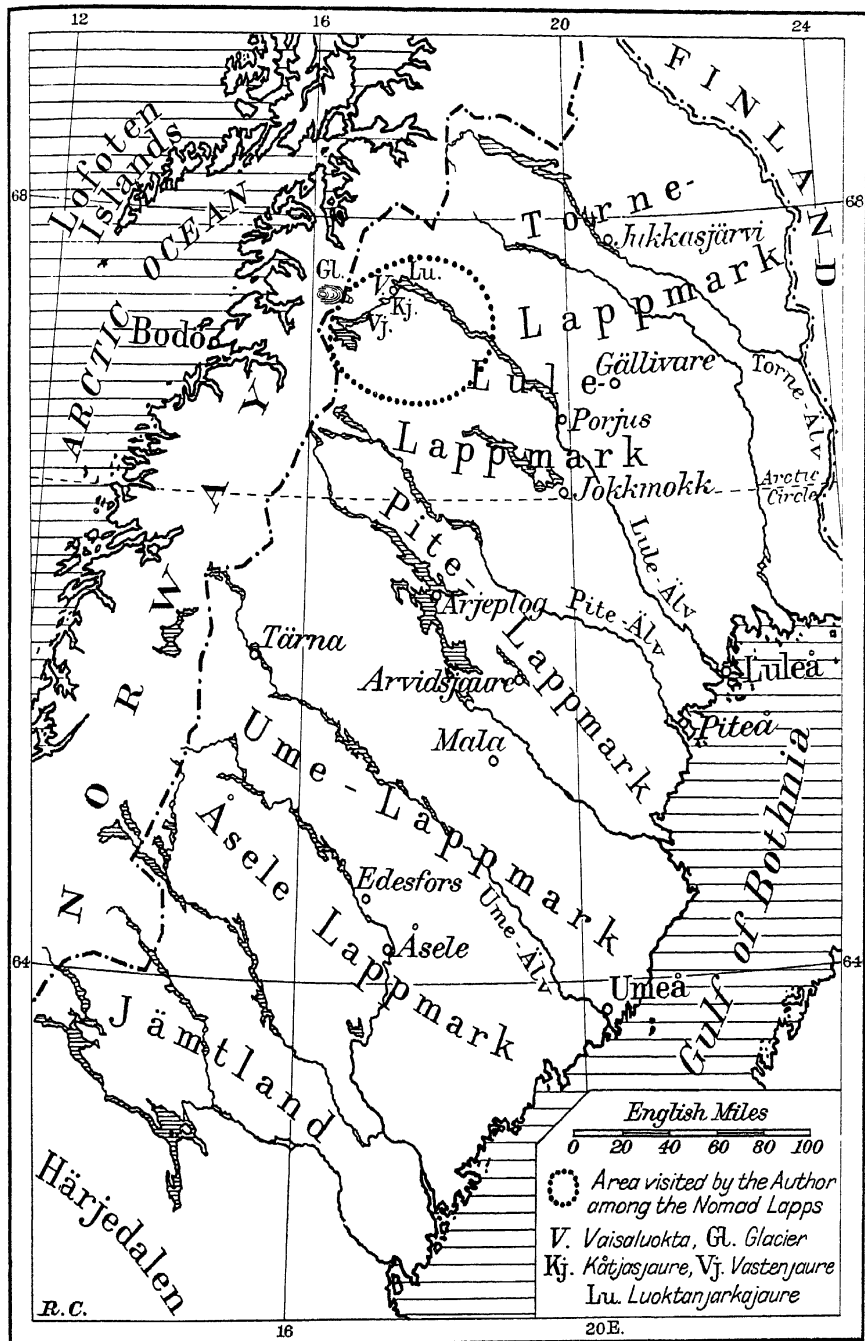
Swedish hospitality is proverbial and it would be superfluous to sing its praises once again in this place. But my feelings of gratitude compel me to thank particularly those who so willingly seconded our efforts with their advice and help : the Austrian Minister in Stockholm, Freiherr von Sommaruga, Professor Dr. L. A. Jägerskjöld, Director of the Natural History Museum at Göteborg, and his assistants, Messrs. Sjölander and Swärd, our friends Mr. and Mrs.

Arvid Lignell of Göteborg, and Dr. Soot-Ryen, Director of the Museum at Tromsø. I should like also to thank most warmly the Swedish authorities, who, in so far as it was possible, made our way smooth for us.

They all have their share in the success of our journey.

HUGO ADOLF BERNATZIK.

Vienna, Autumn, 1935.



AIDE-de-CAMP'S LIBRARY

Accn. No......1888

1. Books may be retained for a period not exceeding fifteen days.